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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. P. (Barnes).—It is difficult to select a dictionary which combines all the qualities which you require. Webster's is a very good one, and Craig's Technical Dictionary, in two volumes, is excellent. There has been no very good dictionary published lately, and copies of those which we have named may frequently be bought second-hand.

THE CRITIC. London Literary Journal.

MEMOIRS OF THE LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

The concluding portion of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy will be issued with *THE CRITIC* of the 15th of September.

THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHEN "everybody is out of town," those whom business and stern necessity compel to remain there can find very little to talk about. Even the ingenious "special correspondents" are hard put to it for the materials of their edifying communications; and the clever parody which *The Leader* gives of the well-known style of a certain *commis* of that order is excellent as a type. Gossip there is in plenty, for the world has just at present an unusual quantity of business upon its hands; but it is not of the description to which these columns are usually consecrated. In political circles they are talking of the dissolution of Parliament, the bad prospects of the grouse season, and the new batch of peers, or rather of old lords made new ones. In general circles there is much to say about the failures of the Atlantic Telegraph and the Surrey Gardens; of the brave M. JULLEN, who thinks it would be glorious to "die in his orchestra"—and so it would, and draw tremendously into the bargain, if he were sure to advertise the fact well in advance. Everywhere there is low mattering talk, with bated breath and grinding teeth, of the blood-red deeds in India, and of the swift vengeance which is now flying from these shores. But that is no topic for us.

But in literature, surely there is some gossip of that kind, such as men gaily interchange over their cups (as the case may be), and care little for the truth of what they say, so utterly insignificant and inconsequential are the facts. Well, there is ALBERT SMITH off to Vesuvius—that is a literary fact; and Mr. DICKENS is in Scotland; and Mr. THACKERAY is writing a new periodical, also away from the hot and noisy metropolis. Everybody goes away it seems, not only to collect facts but ideas; and there's no gainsaying that to write under the cool pleasant shadow of the beech trees is better than beneath a red-hot roof. If we had our will, we would like to be writing like Mr. LEWIS, in the pleasant places of Jersey (that jewel of an island), with the fresh salt air of the sea assuaging the fervour of the sun, and plenty of fine, brilliant, many-tinted, gelatinous sea-flowers to write about. But this is reverie.

Well, it is good to be in Jersey, and good to be upon Mount Vesuvius; but better, after all, to be in Dublin, with the members of the British Association. The meeting this year bids fair to be a most successful one, and the opening address, delivered by Dr. HUMPHREY LLOYD, the President for this year, will deservedly take a place of honour in the annals of the Association. Elegant in language, simple and lucid in the treatment of the most recondite subjects, logical in arrangement, and profound in the science which it contained, Dr. LLOYD's address is one of the most satisfactory summaries of progress during a given time that we have ever met with. It will be read with the deepest interest both by the scientific and the non-scientific man; and from it will be gathered (what perhaps was never so clearly and unmistakably explained before) what is the precise nature of the influence which the British Association exercises over the scientific progress of the country. Valuable, indeed, has been the exercise of that influence during the past year;

for it appears by the report of the President that only in that branch of it which conducts the Kew Observatory it has not only been able to render good assistance to our own Government, but has even extended its aid to that of Austria, in furnishing the instruments necessary for an important series of magnetic experiments. Analyses of Dr. LLOYD's address and of the papers read to the Association will be found in the proper place.

We are very unwilling to recur to a subject which cannot but have been the cause of considerable pain to an excellent and talented authoress; but the perversity with which this lady has not only committed an offence, but has persisted in refusing proper reparation, leaves us no alternative. Our readers will bear in mind that when Mrs. GASKELL's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" was reviewed in these columns, objection was taken to the freedom with which the authoress dealt with the private characters which were introduced into the story—characters of whom many must be alive, and all sufficiently near to us in point of time to render any dealing with them extremely dangerous. That our objection was not unfounded must have been made plain to Mrs. GASKELL almost daily, ever since the publication of the book. First of all came that miserable scandal about "the lady in Yorkshire," who was openly and most indecently charged by Mrs. GASKELL with a breach of her marriage vows. Then came the family of the Rev. CARIS WILSON to complain of the manner in which the memory of that excellent and most charitable man had been dealt with. Then came the Rev. PATRICK BRONTË himself, the aged father of CHARLOTTE, indignant that his grey hairs had been shamed and his paternal character attacked through the medium of his child. Last, and certainly not least, comes Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU, full of womanly anger at the way in which she is handled in the book. "When I find," writes Miss MARTINEAU, "that, in my own case, scarcely one of Miss BRONTË's statements about me is altogether true, I cannot be surprised at her biographer having been misled in other cases of more importance." The Rev. PATRICK BRONTË produces an old servant, who lived in the family during the youth of CHARLOTTE, and who utterly contradicts many very important statements made in the book. We believe that there is a way whereby Mrs. GASKELL could calm all the animosities which she has aroused against herself, and repair, to some extent, the injury she has done—and that is the way which sensible people usually adopt when they have done wrong. Let her grapple the question once for all, examine the evidence, and either retract or explain whatever may seem to be untrue in such a way as will meet the necessities of the case. At any rate, she owes it to herself, and to the high literary name which she is acquiring, to preserve silence towards the public no longer.

The literary reminiscences which haunt the old buildings in the Temple have set in motion many a pen, from classical CHARLES LAMB to Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM. Far be it from us to revert to so trite a subject, and after such consummate masters. Only we think it worthy of record that in the course of the reparations now proceeding within those precincts two venerable relics are about to be swept away. The New Zealander must make haste if he would see where SAM JOHNSON dwelt, and where merry CHARLES LAMB passed a large portion of his innocent life, for after a few short weeks they will be no more. JOHNSON's dwelling was at No. 1, and LAMB's at No. 4, in Inner Temple-lane. Those who have been used to think of these things as they have passed in and out of that region of law and luxury will be sorry to hear of their demolition; but houses will rot, the district surveyor will condemn, and the rent-roll of the worshipful society of the Inner Temple must be looked after, for all that laurels are green and the fame of great men immortal.

Why cannot the directors of the Crystal Palace Company make their splendid establishment profitable? Simply because they have yet to make it a place of amusement for the people. At present it is not so, it is a place of amusement for the rich, for those who can afford to pay half-crowns and half-sovereigns, and even guineas, to be amused. Experience teaches those who have attempted to make money by amusements that the people will not pay more than a shilling to be amused—of course it prefers to pay

ess, but that is the extreme limit of its extravagance. For every place of amusement which is strictly speaking, popular, the charge for admission is a shilling, at the most. But the charge for admission to the Crystal Palace is never so low as a shilling. There is a shilling to pay at the door, and another sixpence for the railway, total eighteenpence, which is exactly fifty per cent. too much for the people. Then, again, whenever the Crystal Palace Company is disposed to make themselves extra amusing, it puts on half-crowns and pounds to the back of the shilling, and then of course the people will have nothing to do with them. Then, again, the working-man should be able to dine as economically as he would if he were allowed to picnic in the grounds—which now he cannot. These things seem small to wealthy directors; but they are mountains to poor hard-working, hard-handed, and shallow-pursed JOHN BULL, who has a holiday and a few shillings to spend once or twice a year, and wishes to make both go as far as possible, and to get the largest amount of amusement, fresh air, and dinner at the cheapest rate. If the Crystal Palace Company wishes to see that stalwart guest in their grounds, those two reforms at least must be carried out forthwith—a shilling admission including the railway, and a reasonable dinner.

Why is that exceedingly well-conducted institution, the British Museum, always getting into scrapes? Scarcely have we got fairly settled in the magnificent new reading-room, when a scandal arises which far surpasses even the historical appearances of Mr. PANIZZI at Bow-street. The affair (like all the other British Museum rows) is about as complicated as the Catalogue; and how it arose, or what it will lead to, are questions not easily answered. We have a sort of impression that the beginning was a letter in the *Times* purporting to come from an unhappy Oxford man, dolefully setting forth his piteous case, how that, although he had the best character possible from his tutor, he could not obtain admission into the British Museum reading-room. That of itself was sufficiently absurd; for any one who knows anything about the Museum is perfectly well aware that there is no sort of difficulty in obtaining a reading ticket, and that the granting of the privilege is as liberally afforded as is consistent with the safety of the library. But then comes a letter to the *Times* from a certain J. C. B., in which the extraordinary statement is made, that upon payment of sixpence the writer has frequently got admission to the library. Now at the outset of this there is this little difficulty for J. C. B. to surmount, that he must be written down for a very inconsequent and improvident fellow indeed, if he paid sixpence for that which every respectable Englishman can demand as a right, and can have for nothing; and he should, moreover, remember that he accuses himself of having connived at a miserable piece of dishonesty in evading rules which press hardly upon nobody, and are necessary to the preservation of the national property. Having got over those two little difficulties, it is clear that the only reparation in his power is to respond to the challenge of Mr. WINTER JONES by coming boldly forward, and pointing out his accomplice in the fraud; for it is just possible (though scarcely probable, from what we know of those intelligent, respectable, and hard-working officers) that some door-keeper or other minor official in the library has betrayed his trust so far as to take a bribe. Once again, however, let us ask the question—Why do people delight in attacking the British Museum? It is incomparably the finest establishment of its kind in the world; its management will bear comparison with any other; it offers the largest possible amount of accommodation to the public, combined with as much exclusive opportunity to students as can be reasonably expected; considering what is annually effected, its cost is not large, and its funds are administered in the wisest and most economical manner; and yet every *gobemouche* who is betrayed into a difficulty by his own ignorance, every blunderer who misunderstands (because he does not give himself the trouble to learn) the plan of the Catalogue, thinks himself at perfect liberty to run a tilt at the British Museum and its excellent, and not remarkably well paid, officers. When Mr. PANIZZI did his duty, by summoning publishers who, in defiance of the law, neglected to send copies of their works to the library, that was sufficient ground upon which to base an attack upon Mr. PANIZZI. If, on the other hand, a

gentleman goes and finds that a recently-published book is not in the library, then Mr. PANIZZI must be attacked again. Mr. PANIZZI is now raised into a higher post, and is somewhat out of the reach of these attacks; but the campaign seems to be opening against Mr. JONES. Really it is time that all this was put a stop to. The Museum officials never, so far as our experience goes, refuse to listen to any feasible suggestion which is brought under their notice in a proper way; and if complainers, instead of going off in a hurry and writing foolish letters, which editors ought to know better than to print, would only take the trouble to explain their difficulty to the first official at hand, they would generally find that the apparent hitch existed no where but in their own imaginations. No later than three weeks ago we overheard a respectable clergyman gravely expostulating with one of the attendants, because he fancied he had discovered that the library was destitute of a single copy of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

While we are on the subject of the Museum let us record a word of grateful acknowledgment for the pains which has been taken during the hot weather to render the new reading-room as comfortable as possible to the readers. By means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance, refrigerated air is diffused over the space, so that, without the slightest perceptible draught, the temperature during the late canicule has been reduced to some eight or ten degrees below that of the outer air. The comfort of this to the heated student is inexpressible; and when we remember the old rooms and their Museum headache, the change is great indeed. Strange, however, as it may appear, it is none the less true, that many of the frequenters of the old rooms seem quite unable to habituate themselves to the new state of things. The frequenters of the reading-room scarcely need to be told that there is a class of sad-looking visitors who come there more for the shelter and the pretence of occupation than for any real work. It is mournful, but it is so; and this is the class among whom there are absentees. When the entrance was a back door, and the reading-room small, obscure, and not particularly clean, these poor fellows were not wounded by any violent contrast with their worn clothes and faded appearance; but now that there is a grand front-door to brave, and light, air, space, gilding, and bright furniture, they are quite frightened away.

We subjoin the explanation which has been furnished by our correspondent "A Bookseller," with reference to his statement about "Lorimer Littlegood." The frankness with which he has appended his name in evidence of his good faith should convince Mr. BLACKWOOD that there was no intention of offending or injuring him in the statement originally made:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Blackwood's reply in the CRITIC in reference to the case of "Lorimer Littlegood, Esq.," and so far as he is concerned, as the publisher, his defence is satisfactory. With you I concur in still saying, "there is a very gross fraud;" and that it does not lie with me let the following show. You suggest that I should quote parallel passages to prove the statements of my letter of 28th July. I have carefully compared the two parts published by Mr. Blackwood with my complete American copy, and find they are verbatim, and in type the same, even to the use of italics. Further, the illustration in Part II.—"Captain Kelly conveys a slight remonstrance"—is used as a frontispiece to my copy; and, on comparison, they are minutely the same, even to the old slippers before the bed, and the dancing girls on the wall. I now purpose quoting what will appear in Part III., which will be published on 1st September next.

Part II. concludes with page 64, and the last line is: "Holloa there! holloa, master!" said two or three voices and"

Part III. will likely commence with page 65, and read as follows:—

"Turning round, Weazel saw the blacksmith's men returning to their work."

"He's dead drunk," said Weazel.

"That he be," cried one of the men: "or you dursn't have kicked him like that."

This, you will note, is copied from the complete American copy, not from the magazine Mr. Blackwood refers to, for I never saw it. In pursuing this course, I am not actuated by any animus either to author or publisher; but, having met with what appeared to me to be "a fraud," I called attention to it through the columns of THE CRITIC; and, as my statement was called in question, this to me seems my best mode of defence. It is not for me to explain the incongruities of this case—either of the

illustration or the matter; but it is evident that Brother Jonathan has victimised Mr. Smedley, if not also Messrs. Blackwood and Cole. For Mr. Blackwood's information, I shall no longer shelter myself under the anonymous of "A Book-seller;" but that I am such he may learn on inquiry at the well-known London publishers, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. And, having thus honestly stated the case, I frankly subscribe this letter,

W. L. TAYLOR,
17th August 1857. Bookseller, Peterhead.

From inquiries which we have made, we find that the story of "Lorimer Littlegood" originally appeared in *Sharpe's London Magazine*, and that it was written by Mr. COLE; that it was then stolen by an American publisher, who, thinking probably that the name of SMEDLEY was better known in America, and more likely to sell the book, did not scruple to put that name upon the title-page instead of the true one. Afterwards comes Mr. COLE, and republishes the book through the medium of Mr. BLACKWOOD—as he has a perfect right to do. It was of course very puzzling to Mr. TAYLOR's customer to have two copies of the same work, the one bearing the name of SMEDLEY, and the other that of COLE. The mystery, however, is now quite cleared up, and the result is that the "gross fraud" has been traced to the real delinquent—namely, a book-stealer on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is only in the cause of science that we give insertion to the following letter. If the personal allusions of our correspondent had been less obscure, we should have deemed it necessary to modify them slightly; as, however, we have some difficulty ourselves in establishing the identity of the "contemporary" and PETER, we are unwilling to mutilate a communication which may after all prove interesting to our readers.

CORRUPT ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR.—It cannot have escaped your notice that one of your learned and literary cotemporaries has undertaken to reform the English language; that he has, in fact, grappled with the Herculean task of purging the more than Augean filth with which our language has been befouled since, and because of the invention of journalism. To the pundit who has taken this charge upon himself, I beg to recommend a careful reconsideration of the following gem, taken from among the rich treasures of his own columns:—

"A year or two ago, in an article on Lord Lansdowne, we suggested the peculiar grace with which that statesman, should he be raised to the rank of Duke, might adopt the title of Kerry—from the royal race of which he draws his life. We are glad to hear that his Lordship has selected that title. Ireland will now have two Dukes,—representing the ancient Kings of Leinster and Kerry."

Let it be observed that this specimen of English, pure and undefiled, is taken from the editorial columns of a journal which pretends to an extreme purism in style, and then let the reader pronounce whether the proverb will not apply, "Physician, heal thyself." In nine lines there are as many blunders. What is "an article on Lord Lansdowne?" How could we "suggest the peculiar grace and propriety with which that statesman, should he be raised to the rank of Duke, might adopt the title of Kerry?" How could his Lordship "draw his life" from "the royal race" of "the title of Kerry?" I had thought that English literature could boast of but one pen capable of committing so many sins in such a small space, and that is a pen which has long since ceased to enliven the columns of your contemporary. Can it be possible that there are two PETERS? No, no—the thought is too horrid.—Yours, &c.

LINDLEY MURRAY REDIVIVUS.

There is a report in newspaper circles that a very valuable literary property either has changed or is about to change hands. The *London Journal*, which was originally founded by Mr. STIFF, is the property in question; and it is said that that gentleman has parted with it to Mr. INGRAM, M.P. for Boston, the founder and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*. Beginning in a very small way indeed, the *London Journal* has acquired a circulation which is estimated at something near a quarter of a million of copies; and it is greatly to the credit of its managers that it has acquired that enormous popularity, not (as some other of the cheap periodicals have done) by pandering to the morbid passions of the ignorant, but by popularising a literature which, if not absolutely pure, has at least not been harmful. The great feature of the periodical has hitherto been its novels, some of which have been translated from the French, but many have been entirely original. To obtain such as were likely to suit the taste of his readers, Mr. STIFF spared no expense; and it

is only lately that he secured the services of Mr. CHARLES READE (the author of "It is Never too Late to Mend") to write a tale, at a far higher scale of remuneration than is usually paid, even by first-rate publishers. Under the new management, there can be little doubt that the *London Journal* will be equally prosperous, especially if what we hear be true—that Mr. LEMON, Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS, and gentlemen of the *Punch* staff, are to be engaged in its redaction. L.

HANS ANDERSEN.—On the day after my arrival, I sent a note to Hans Christian Andersen, reminding him of the greeting which he had once sent me through a mutual friend, and asking him to appoint an hour for me to call upon him. The same afternoon, as I was sitting in my room, the door quietly opened, and a tall, loosely-jointed figure entered. He wore a neat evening dress of black, with a white cravat; his head was thrown back, and his plain, irregular features were an expression of the greatest cheerfulness and kindly humour. I recognised him at once, and forgetting that we had never met—so much did he seem like an old familiar acquaintance—cried out "Andersen!" and jumped up to greet him. "Ah," said he, stretching out both his hands, "here you are! Now I should have been vexed if you had gone through Copenhagen and I had not known it." He sat down, and I had a delightful hour's chat with him. One sees the man so plainly in his works that his readers may almost be said to know him personally. He is thoroughly simple and natural, and those who call him egotistical forget that his egotism is only a naive and unthinking sincerity, like that of a child. In fact, he is the youngest man for his years that I ever knew. "When I was sixteen," said he, "I used to think to myself, when I am twenty-four then will I be old indeed—but now I am fifty-two, and I have just the same feeling of youth as at twenty." He was greatly delighted when Braisted, who was in the room with me, spoke of having read his "Improvisators" in the Sandwich Islands. "Why, is it possible?" he exclaimed; "when I hear of my books going so far around the earth, I sometimes wonder if it can be really true that I have written them." He explained to me the plot of his new novel, "To Be, or Not To Be," and ended by presenting me with the illustrated edition of his stories. "Now, don't forget me," said he, with a delightful entreaty in his voice, as he rose to leave, "for we shall meet again. Were it not for sea-sickness, I should see you in America; and who knows but I may come, in spite of it?" God bless you, Andersen! I said, in my thoughts. It is so cheering to meet a man whose very weaknesses are made attractive through the perfect candour of his nature!—From Bayard Taylor's "Correspondence to the New York Tribune."

DR. GUTHRIE.—You will be delighted to hear that last Sunday afternoon I succeeded—what I had failed to effect during my former visit—in gaining admission to St. John's Free Church, and enjoyed the gratification of hearing Dr. Guthrie preach. After standing some time in the passage, I was indebted to the courtesy of a gentleman for a seat in his pew. The church is rather peculiar in its construction, being surrounded by galleries, one of which, strange enough, is situated behind the pulpit. Here, however, the great object of attraction is the minister himself. Since I saw him at the great public meeting on education his face seems to me to look thinner, and a shade older, but time "writes no wrinkle" on his rhetorical powers. In the opening part of his discourse a certain gravity in his manner, so different from what I had witnessed in Queen-street Hall, made me almost doubt his identity; but it was not long ere I saw before me the same accomplished actor who previously had arrested my attention; not indeed as then, by eliciting continuous peals of laughter and shouts of applause, but in stirring up within the breasts of his hearers emotions befitting the House of God. He is less successful in the higher and more impassioned flights in which Dr. Chalmers so much excelled, than in those quiet and subdued utterances which speak from the heart to the heart. Nothing can be more striking and effective than some of his illustrations—an incident, it may be, in the life of a great man, or a moving tale of the sea, or a tragic story founded on some sad reality in humble life—delivered in that low thrilling tone of measured solemnity which, in the hands of a master, never fails to tell. What a sublime spectacle it was to witness the rapt attention of that mighty mass of human beings, as they hung with profound emotion on every word of the gifted speaker. Not a sound was heard to disturb the deep pathos of the preacher, save the stifled sob, or half-suppressed sigh, of a heart overpowered by his melting appeals. Now I can understand why Dr. Guthrie is so popular a preacher. His volume of sermons, recently published, I have not yet read. That it detracts nothing from his fame, as an able and eloquent expounder of the truth, may be inferred from the fact of its extensive sale, and that with the profits resulting therefrom the reverend author has been enabled to purchase a comfortable manse, which has very appropriately been named Ezekiel House.—From "Edinburgh Dissected."

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Philosophy of the Bible; or, the Union between Philosophy and Truth. By the Rev. J. WHYTE MAILLER, A.M. Edinburgh: Hogg. London: Groombridge.

THIS book (already cursorily noticed in the CRITIC), by an author hitherto unknown to fame, is full of important thought and condensed learning, and is animated by an earnest Christian spirit. It is another proof of what has been repeatedly stated of late, that there is a reaction begun among the thinking and writing intellects of the age in favour of Christianity. If, as sceptics assert, our religion is destined to fall, it shall certainly not fall without defenders; and if there are a few Achillean spirits ranged against us, there are new Hector's starting up every year to cover our assaulted city with their broad bucklers, and whose valour is sure of a happier issue than that of the son of Priam. And, among the Rogers, Taylors, Baynes, Youngs, and others, we would now class Mr. J. Whyte Mailler, as a younger but equally sincere, as an able and well-informed, advocate of our common Christianity.

Mr. Mailler's object, he states in his preface, is to show, not how revelation agrees with the commonly-received doctrines of philosophy, but that philosophy, by argument, confirms the vital parts of the Christian religion in the same manner as it establishes the more general truths regarding the Divine Being. Setting out with the truth of the Bible and of Christianity as a fact, his object is to prove that all the genuine utterances of earthly philosophy tend to shed light on, as well as to add strong confirmation to, the principles and facts of revelation.

Some may wish that our author had followed a different method—that he had first proposed the truth of Revelation as a fact to be proved, and had then proceeded to show what helps science and philosophy give to the establishment of this great fact. Feeling, however, probably, that the result in either case would only be approximate demonstration, he has chosen very properly to invert the method of argument: although he has, we think, in several places discovered more of earthly wisdom in the oracles of divine truth than they were ever intended by God to contain; while he should, as Shakspeare has it, have remembered that there are more things in heaven than were ever dreamt of in our philosophy.

We deem Mr. Mailler, for instance, to go rather far, when he says that "the Bible is the sole repository of philosophical truth." If this mean merely that there is nothing in the Bible which glaringly contradicts the grand essential principles of philosophy, the assertion is true; and it is equally so if it mean that glimpses of the deepest psychological and ontological truth abound, and that below the whole of Revelation lies what we may call a broad basis of real, although unconscious, philosophy. The Scripture writers, while within their own sphere thoroughly furnished, were even on others "wiser than they knew;" and Paul, for instance, in his distinction between body, soul, and spirit, throws out a profoundly philosophical truth. But this is very different from Mr. M.'s assertion that the Bible is the "sole repository of philosophical truth." So far as philosophical truth means a system of truth in reference to the nature of the human mind, or to the nature of God, accurately defined in propositions, elaborately wrought out in logic, and ingeniously relieved from the burden of objections, there is no such thing in the Bible. And it is preposterous to dream that all the truths which have been discovered by the brain-sweat of a myriad of successive thinkers are to be found, even in germ, in the simple, child-like, intuitional pages of the Word of God. Nay, there are certain points on which philosophy and revelation, just as there are certain points in which science and revelation, seem at least to differ from each other, and which force us, in defect of a thoroughly reconciling principle, to wait for the information either of a higher kind of philosophy, or of some better understanding of the Bible, or of another state of being. Both philosophy and religion must stand each on its own evidence; and it is rash to reject any well-authenticated principle in philosophy, simply because it seems to oppose the Word of

God, as well as to reject any accredited fact or statement in the Bible, simply because it seems opposed to the deductions of philosophy.

Mr. Mailler professes to give, "on the grounds of the pure reason, a demonstration of the philosophy of the Bible—that is, to draw out in a philosophical method the principal doctrines of the Bible, and show that they express the nature and relation of facts as exactly as if they had been the result of calculation, as if the exponents of a verified process." This is the "great argument" of his book—an argument which, in the boldness of its design, as well as in its learning, talent, and comparative success, must commend itself and its author to every believer in the Word of God. That he has gained his object in all its breadth we do not contend. He has probably undertaken too much, especially in proportion to the small space his volume fills.

Our readers will see the great extent of the field traversed, when they learn that Mr. Mailler takes up first, in three parts, the Dynamical Argument for the existence of God; then, secondly, draws a practical inference from this Dynamical Argument in reference to prayer; thirdly, gives an historical sketch of Atheism; fourthly, applies the Dynamical Argument to the general character of Atheism; fifthly, considers, in three parts, the Moral Argument; sixthly, applies this to Spiritual Pantheism, Secularism and Neology; and finally considers, in four chapters or parts, what he calls the Judicial Argument:—in the course of these discussing the Dispensation of Death—the Pre-Adamite, Edenic, and Present States—the Moral influence of Physical Evils—the Origin of Moral Evil—and maintaining the thesis that "Between moral consciousness, and Christian faith there is no middle ground in reason." And all this is comprised in a volume of 299 duodecimo pages.

This compression secures some advantages. We have less long-winded argumentation than in many treatises of a similar kind, and little or no declamation. But the necessity of packing his argument so closely has led not unfrequently to abruptness of transition, obscurity of statement, and apparent incoherence of arrangement. You feel yourself not walking on a clear level path, but in a Highland moss, where you find little continuously hard ground below you; but have often to leap from one insulated piece of sound heath to another. This gives to the writing and to the reading of this otherwise excellent volume in many parts a jolting, broken, uneasy motion; and the thought, abundant as it is, comes out rather in small separate dribblets than in a broad rushing stream.

We have not time to follow Mr. Mailler over even one half of the large space he has traversed, but shall take up one or two of his points.

The most interesting part of the first portion of the volume is, undoubtedly, the "Historical Sketch of Atheism," although the term is not exactly accurate, and he might have better entitled it "History of Philosophical Speculations," some atheistic and some the reverse, in reference to the being of a God. His main object in this chapter is to prove that the principle of Development, which at the present day is held by so many to be the God of this world, is only a revival of the doctrine of the spurious Stoics. And, to substantiate this assertion, he ranges over the page of ancient material philosophy, inscribed with the names of Thales, of Anaximander, of Anaximenes, of Diogenes, Pythagoras, Xenophanes, Parmenides, Zeno, and Aristotle; all of whom held that some form or essence of matter is the source of all existence, although along with this some of their number coupled, inconsistently enough, the idea of a God. He then alludes to the atomic or Democritic theory of Atheism—a theory holding that the world consists of the spontaneous aggregation of atoms or corpuscles—a theory which, although it existed before Epicurus, is popularly called the Epicurean system, and which has been emblazoned in the gorgeous poetry of Lucretius. The difference between the theory of Democritus and his predecessors lay in his supposition that the atoms were eternal and imperishable. Then came Strato, adding to this that their concurrence in the work of creation was not "fortuitous, but

sprung from their possession of a certain plastic activity, different from animal existence, but approaching the vegetable nature, by virtue of which the atoms were supposed to arrange themselves, artificially and methodically, in every form or body." Then, in direct opposition to the Epicurean dance or whirlpool of atoms came the Stoical doctrine of Fate—a doctrine rising up like a grim black rock, massive in its unity, strict in its logical foundations, but dark and frowning in its aspect, and leading to fatalistic indolence and cold despair. In this account of the theories of the ancient Philosophers of Greece Mr. Mailler is, we believe, correct; but he might have, besides, tried to show how much truth may be deduced from each of these false views. In all error there lies a certain proportion of truth, and many by following an erroneous course have found out a new path to a great truth, just as Columbus, seeking vainly for India in a westerly direction, found America. In the speculations of Thales, Anaximander, Democritus, and the rest, we find taught us the infinite flexibility and Protean power exhibited by material forms, and to these speculations we are indebted for all the philosophy of our later chemical science. In the Stoical doctrine again, the strict sequence of cause and effect, and the power of the physical and moral laws pervading the universe, are strikingly set forth. Whether or not these systems were meant to deny God, they have certainly cast much light on God's method of acting, both in Nature and in Providence.

In coming to modern Atheism Mr. Mailler devotes twelve pages to a defence of Spinoza from the charge—a defence from which, coupled with the counter showings of Cudworth and Morell, as well as from the extracts given here, we can only gather the conclusion that Spinoza, wonderful thinker as he was, was inconsistent with himself. Besides, some of his admirers have maintained that the God he believed in was merely mind—a being with intellect, but without feelings or fatherhood. Of what consequence is it, we ask, whether Spinoza believed, or did not believe, in a certain cold immensity of thinking substance underlying a dumb universe, and having about as little feeling as it? The poet says:

A God all mercy is a God unjust.

But surely it is quite as true that a God all mind is a God unlovable, and that there is not a pin's point to choose between such a being and the grim Fate of the Stoics, or the diffused Divine impersonal Something of the Pantheist. Spinoza's God may be the God revealed in the material universe *per se*; but he is not the God of the New Testament, not the God whose name is Father, not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yet, for all this, we like to think of the lean old Jew sitting over his polished glasses, or smoking his solitary pipe, and with an ear shut alike to the thunders of his Sinaitic law and to the whispers of the blood which his fathers shed, forming in his own quiet brain, by dint of dauntless logic, a split-new system of the Universe, and stepping up on his cold formulæ to find, on the summit of things, a Deity as cold, enthroned—like it, because there is a grandeur in all solitude, even in the solitude of the iceberg and of the corpse, and because there is a charm in witnessing the exhibition of all gigantic power, however ruinously wrong in its purposes and endeavours—like it, just as in Kane's noble narrative we like to watch the large Arctic stars in their icy glitter, almost touching the eternal snows below, and brightening the wastes which they cannot cheer—like it for a time, but speedily return from the moony glare with a feeling of indescribable relief and renewed comfort, to bask in the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness, hoping the while that even poor Spinoza, who certainly never openly denied or reviled the Saviour, has long since been basking in the same blessed radiance. Some of his admirers have, however, gone too far in his praise. They have called him a "God-intoxicated man"—an expression reminding you of another feature in the Arctic regions, that the warmest and most noble wines freeze up, and furnish draughts cold as those imbibed in the World of Dreams! So, in

Spinoza's strange system, the most cheering truth in the world is chilled into a dogma as heartless as Atheism itself; and the intoxication produced by it on him is that of a sculptured Moenad or Bacchante—as cold, but not so classical. Spinoza too, however, had his truth to tell, and that lay in his being the first to see fully, and fully to proclaim, the distinction between the truth of reality and that of appearance, and the relation of the one to the other. This truth has since been the germ of entire philosophies. But it is obviously not a moral, but only a metaphysical, discovery. How it sinks into insignificance beside his countryman John's statement of the two realities of God and man, and of the relation between them. "No man hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

Old Hobbes comes next, and Mr. Mailler stands up almost as stoutly for him as for Spinoza, strenuously insisting not only on his Theism but his Christianity. He quotes from "The Leviathan" the following sentence, which serves certainly somewhat to corroborate his charitable conclusion. "The earth produced all kinds of animals, but by the Divine Word, and with the exception of man, who was created after the other animals, in the likeness of God." He produces various other extracts from his works, and which seem at least singularly orthodox. Our suspicion is, that the slavish tendency of Hobbes's political principles led to prejudice against him, and roused something of the *odium theologum*. Yet, while the extracts given by Mr. Mailler are sound enough, it is maintained on the other hand that Hobbes denied the immateriality of the soul, and asserted that incorporeal substances are nonentities, and held that the Pentateuch was not older than the days of Ezra. Sir William Molesworth, we remember, challenged Edward Miall on the hustings to produce a sentence of infidelity from the writings of the philosopher of Malmesbury; but the spirit of most of his works is opposed to Christianity. One of the acutest of human beings, as his work on "Human Nature" proves, he has not a particle of poetry, or transcendental insight, or of reverence, in his composition; even his worship of kings is a frozen incense; he looks on them as little better than the under-keepers of a lunatic asylum—necessary evils. Yet in his system two truths are found. He first applied the Baconian method to mental philosophy, although he used it too exclusively. He set himself sternly to mark out the limits of human knowledge. His doctrine of passive obedience even, and of the natural ferocity of man, carries in it the germ of a grander principle than Hobbes saw. It truly asserts that man must be governed, that he is wholly an evil seed, "born as a wild ass's colt." Only Hobbes imagines that he can be adequately governed by his fellow-men. Whereas the Scripture principle is, that nothing but Divine grace and power can restrain his passions, elevate his nature, or secure the permanence and prosperity of his race.

From the dry, wingless, tortoise Hobbes, the author comes to the flighty Descartes and the amiable and pious Berkeley. In Descartes he finds the first germ of the transcendental philosophy—at least, in modern times. That philosopher searched not nature, but his own consciousness, for God. Berkeley followed, extending Descartes's intuitive and internal principles into absolute idealism, not denying the existence of material objects, but denying the evidence of that existence, and maintaining that the mind converses only with *ideas*. The bearing of this theory upon philosophy was to form a protest against the exclusively sensational origin of our knowledge; and on religion, to prove that matter is a dependent body, and presupposes a Divine Mind. Then comes Kant, whose transcendental philosophy is fairly, although somewhat cursorily, analyzed. Kant maintained that the existence of a God could not be proved, but was nevertheless to be believed. Fichte extended his principles, and, in reference to theology, applied them to the construction of a sort of Pantheism, saying: "In all the forms that surround me I behold the manifold reflections of my own being, as the morning sun, broken into a thousand dewdrops, sparkles toward itself." Fichte's "Destination of Man," with all its errors of opinion, is one of the noblest productions of the human mind. It is a temple of solid marble, surmounted by a spire of pure gold; but, alas! a temple without an altar, a sacrifice, or a God. Its first two parts consist of logic, but of logic steeped in flame, while its conclusion is eloquence of the gravest,

richest, and loftiest character. From him the philosophy of Germany begins to make a rapid descent toward the abyss of Atheism, till at last you come to Hegel, with whom God is nothing more than a "dialectic process." Mr. Mailler moves with firm foot through all these quaking gulphs, and closes the long and interesting chapter with an acute exposition of Mirabaud's "System of Nature," and of the Positivism of M. Comte.

In his next chapter he ably applies his Dynamical Argument to the general character of Atheism, and discusses, first Material, and then Spiritual Pantheism. He proves of the former that it implies a contradiction, namely, that "matter can be the substance acting, i. e., the cause, and in the very point of time the subject moved, i. e., the effect;" and of the second, that it contradicts our consciousness and moral sense. His next chapter, on the Influence of the Bible on Philosophy, is a feeble piece of declamation, a mode of writing in which our author seldom shines. But the whole of the succeeding sections on the "Existence of a Moral Government," the "Eternal Duration of a Moral Government," the "Method or Instrument of Moral Government," and the "Application of the Moral Argument," are excellent; especially the part on the application of that argument to Spiritual Pantheism, which rises to eloquence and must be exceedingly useful in the present crisis.

Throughout this book the author takes frequent opportunities of denouncing that class of writers in the present day who imagine themselves Theists because they believe in certain spiritual laws which they see in the moral universe, and from the influence of which no one can escape. Such vague vast abstractions they would substitute for a personal, a living, and a loving God. Our moral consciousness, on the other hand, assures us that, although there are such laws, they imply a lawgiver; that without him they are inconceivable; that they are merely spokes of the wheel, the great axle of which is God; nay, that the imperfect working of these laws proves, besides, that they require and shall receive new development, sanction, and reparation from the Being who at first appointed them. God forbid that men should have nothing to trust to save such shadowy, uncertain, and half-executed laws as "compensation" and "justice done now." A law is not a lawgiver. A principle is not a personality. Far less can laws and principles, crude, imperfectly executed, and permitting enormous injustice and evil, be a substitute for the "Lord God, who is merciful and gracious, yet at the same time holy and just;" and to call men who hold such and such only to be their deity Theists, is to emasculate, prostitute—nay, annihilate—the meaning of the term.

The third and last part of Mr. Mailler's book is the worst and weakest. It is not so carefully written, and seeks to grapple with subjects too high for him, and for any man. Never do philosophers look so weak as when they are meddling with the grand problems of physical and moral evil. Tufloch, Thomson, Mailler, &c., on this theme look ludicrously small—like insects crawling along, and trying to force the granite gateway of some mountain wall! In accounting for physical evil, our author starts again the notion of a chaos, produced by some violent cause, between the preliminary formations and the preparations for the coming of man—an idea contrary to geological fact, and which Hugh Miller has completely exploded in his recent work. On Moral Evil what he says is neither new nor true. It is a mere begging of the question to say that there can be no moral freedom without the possibility of man falling. In this case, wherever throughout the wide creation of God there are intelligent moral beings, these may have fallen—nay, the inhabitants of heaven are not absolutely safe. It may be said, indeed, "These may be in some special way secured from danger." But why were not the angels originally, and man in Eden, thus also preserved from the possibility of a fall?

Mr. M. speaks as if there were a kind of dignity and glory in man's power to go astray. Sad glory! dismal dignity! Better, some will say, the mechanical life of vegetables, or the instinctive life of brutes, than a dubious gift of free-will, which in every probability is to become to many a curse, extorting groans, and tears, and blasphemies on account of its abuse, throughout eternal ages.

Let divines, if they would not become desperate God denying infidels, and philosophers, if they would not become insane, leave in the mean time the question of the origin of evil

alone—satisfied of this that evil is not God's, that it is not wholly man's, and that there is a day coming when it shall perish from off this earth, and from under these heavens. Its future career elsewhere seems to be shadowed in impenetrable and awful darkness; but on earth, thank God, it is not to continue for ever.

We close by again cordially commending this volume as a whole to all believers, as well as to all who are still struggling in doubt about the existence and the revealed word of God.

APOLLODORUS.

THE ARTS.

A Guide to the Knowledge of Pottery, Porcelain, and other Objects of Vertu, &c. By HENRY G. BOHN. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN, amongst his many accomplishments, may boast of intimate acquaintance with that branch of art which properly comes under the title of "vertu." That knowledge he has now given to the world in the volume before us, by consulting which amateurs will save themselves from many a bad bargain, while the professional dealer will learn from it a great deal which it will be useful to him to know. Mr. Bohn commences with a lecture delivered by him at the Richmond and other literary societies on pottery and porcelain. Then follows the catalogue of the sale of the Bernal collection, giving the price at which each lot sold and the name of the buyer, which will have hereafter a commercial, as well as an historical, value. This is profusely illustrated with engravings of some of the most important objects in the sale. The monograms and marks on pottery and porcelain, and the painters' marks on Sevres China, complete the volume; and without learning these no man should attempt to be a collector or a dealer.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography of Elizabeth Davis, a Balaclava Nurse, daughter of Dafydd Cadwaladr. Edited by JANE WILLIAMS (Ysgafell). London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

WE have not quite made up our mind as to whether Elizabeth Davis is the most extraordinary woman that ever lived, or a Munchausen in petticoats. Our gallantry towards the sex disposes us to the former conclusion; but the internal evidence of her autobiography points to the latter. We decline, therefore, to accept the responsibility of pronouncing; and shall leave the public and Miss Jane Williams (known in the Principality by the unpronounceable name of Ysgafell) to settle the matter between them.

The biography of Elizabeth Davis opens with a somewhat discursive history of the Church of Wales, with which she seems in an unaccountable manner to be somehow identified. Then follows a short biographical sketch of her father, Dafydd Cadwaladr, who, whether he was descended or not from the gentleman referred to by "ancient Pistol," was of so religious a disposition that, when he was a child, "day after day and night after night, he continually uttered in Welsh, 'O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!'" until "his father, weary and irritated, silenced him with a whipping." This same Cadwaladr, though he had no great stock of goats, contrived to learn to read from the letters painted upon the backs of the sheep grazing upon the Welsh mountains, and was accustomed to "distinguish himself at parties by repeating select passages from the Bardd Cwsg and the Pilgrim's Progress," so that he was, doubtless, a very convivial person and highly desirable at small tea parties. It is recorded of this sage that he "entertained so high an opinion of the healthful and curative properties of water, that he used it as a daily beverage." Such was the father of our heroine, who, to prove the truth of the adage that it is a wise child that knows its own father, "never forgot that she was Dafydd Cadwaladr's daughter." Dafydd appears to have prided himself upon being a great walker, and "used to reckon, towards the close of his life, that he had walked altogether as far as twice round the world;" and as he lived to the age of eighty-two, and probably began to walk when he was two years old, we can have no very great difficulty in accepting the statement, seeing that it means nothing more than an average of a mile and a half per diem.

Bala was the place of her birth, a town whose inhabitants "have been known to sell no less than

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30,000 dozen pairs of stockings" in a single year, without counting socks, gloves, Welsh wigs, and muffs. Elizabeth, "like a true Bala woman, excels in the use of her knitting-pins;" and of her other pins too, if we are to believe the testimony of her editor, who vouches for her that she is such a capital hand at getting over difficulties that "she would—if ever woman could—have trod securely the bridges of St. Patrick's purgatory." So far the editor; now let Elizabeth Davis speak for herself.

Miss Davis opens her autobiography by asserting point-blank that she is descended from the royal race of Tewdwr, "from which our most gracious Queen also traces her lineage." Her father, the great Cadwaladr, she describes as "a godly man," and in person "very like the Tewdwr race." She also favours us with the interesting fact that he cleaned his teeth with salt-water. Her mother, Judith Erasmus, was "a very godly woman;" and her maternal grandfather, Humphrey Erasmus, "a very godly man." David and Judith had fifteen children besides Elizabeth. One of them "rose to be a captain in the army; and, when he was taken prisoner with the rest at Flushing, he broke his heart with indignation. He said: 'I could have borne to die in battle, but not in this way,' and he was dead in a moment." Elizabeth relates a great many anecdotes of her early life, some of which are curious:

I learned many tricks of skill and strength, such as passing through a stick held behind the left foot, threading a needle while sitting on a rolling bottle, balancing a ruler on the chin, putting my heel to the nape of my neck, and the like. A gentleman once gave me a five-pound note for my activity, and my father bought a cow with the money.

When she was nine years old she ran away from home, in consequence of what she calls the "intolerable tyranny" of an elder sister, who seems to have objected to such feats, and especially to the practical jokes to which the young lady was apparently prone. She was received into the household of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, a gentleman of large fortune at Bala, and her father's landlord. After living in the family for five years, she tells us, "A sudden thought occurred to me that I was not to stay there any longer, and that I must see something more of the world. I instantly got up and tied a few clothes in a bundle." This mode of giving way to a sudden whim seems to have been Miss Davis's rule of life; it occurs more than once in her biography. Having jumped out of the window of Mr. Lloyd's house, she set off for Chester, and visited an aunt there, who was so unwilling to favour the *escapade*, that she gave her money to return immediately to Bala. Instead, however, of doing this, she went to Liverpool, changed her name from Cadwaladr to Davis, and got into service. She did not remain long, however, without quarrelling with her mistress.

She was of a very bad temper, and often scolded and beat me. One day she provoked me so greatly that I gave her a good beating in return. However, she found me so hard-working and useful, that, even after this, she begged of me not to go away. I replied that I would go.

Her next place was in the household of Sir George and Lady —; and here she received her first offer of marriage, of which she appears to have had not a few during her adventurous career.

I have heard that Sir George was born at — Hall, near Preston, in Lancashire; and I believe he had property about there. His lady was a native of the East Indies—I believe that she was born a princess. Her brother, the prince, was staying at Sir George's house when I first went there, and for some months afterwards. He took such a fancy to me, that he proposed to Lady — to make me his wife according to the English law; but I was afraid of the very look of him, and would not hear of it. His lands were, I believe, in the presidency of Madras. I cannot remember his names; he had about four dozen of them. His servants were not Mahometans. They told me that the people of their tribe lived to a great age, and were not subject to epidemic diseases.

With this family she went about a great deal visiting in houses of the noble friends of her master and mistress, and she has many strange anecdotes to tell of these wanderings. At Glasgow she received her second invitation to marry.

At chapel, at Glasgow, I met with Charles Mackenzie. He was a partner with his father and brother in a wholesale Scotch warehouse and factory. They were respectable people, and our housekeeper at the cottage tried hard to persuade me to marry him. He afterwards followed me to Liverpool on the same errand, but I could not like him.

On her return to Liverpool there were two more aspirants for her hand; one James Smith, "a rich upholsterer's son," and a Captain Harris, who told her that seven years before, when he was in Russia, he had dreamed of her and that he had been looking for her ever since; whereupon our heroine at once recollected that at the very identical time when he was dreaming of her in Russia she had had a spectral apparition of him in Wales. Harris was "a very godly man," and "wore a buff waistcoat and a blue coat with bright buttons;" but she did not marry him for all that, although she gave him her promise that she would do so. Shortly afterwards he was shipwrecked and drowned.

After this she accompanied Sir George and Lady — to the Continent, and visited a great number of strange places. On her return she received a fifth proposal, this time from a house-painter in good business at Chester, who was then working for Dr. Solomon's the inventor of the Balm of Gilead. In July 1816 Sir George and his lady went to India, and Elizabeth Davis was forced to stay at home. Shortly after this she promised to marry the house-painter, and a day was fixed for the ceremony. When, however, the day arrived, the bride elect took a sudden whim into her head, and, instead of going to church, booked a place up to London by the mail. Upon which she very coolly remarks:—"I know that I used B— very ill, and that I had no just cause for thus breaking my promise to one who truly and faithfully loved me." Soon after her arrival in London, she entered the family of Mr. Bellingham, "a tailor in great business," who had a country-house at Highgate. Mr. Bellingham seems to have been quite as much of a milliner as he was a tailor, for he "made some of Miss O'Neill's wedding clothes when she married Sir Wrixon Becher. I remember especially, one white cashmere pelisse, trimmed with lavender-coloured satin." After living in this family for three years, our heroine had an intention of marrying "H—, the draper, of the firm of H— and H—, in Bishopgate-street;" but after leaving her situation for that purpose, poor H— was obliged to put up with same treatment as his five predecessors. Her next place was in the family of Mr. R—, a cowkeeper in Islington, who "always kept nine hundred and ninety-nine cows—he never could keep a thousand, for one always died directly he made up that number." After this she entered the service of Capt. and Mrs. Smith, and sailed with them to the West Indies in the merchant-ship Iris.

When Elizabeth Davis first beheld negroes and cocoa-nuts, she remembered having had spectral apparitions of them before, exactly as she had had of Captain Harris.

Words cannot tell my surprise, my amazement and horror, at beholding there, for the first time in my life, cocoa-nut trees bearing fruit—the very trees, the very same big nuts, which I had imagined to myself as strange impossibilities of my own invention, when I used to sit alone in the hole of the rock at Pen Rhin. The sight of these trees, and of the negroes, caused me to think that the wicked spirit, who had power to show all the kingdoms of the world and their glory, had previously made an exhibition of these wonders to me.

If the adventures of Elizabeth Davis when in England were strange, in foreign countries they were stranger still. One day, at St. Vincent's, she saw men upon horses, and accompanied by dogs, hunting a serpent of very peculiar make, for it "had a head like a shark, with holes for ears, six wings, and twelve feet, besides a row of feet across the widest part below." To catch and destroy the monster, the following curious tactics were resorted to.

The monster went towards the Botanic Gardens; several gentlemen were walking in these gardens at the time. A row of six-pounders was set in the niches of the garden-wall; and, when the serpent approached, old Mr. Rogers—a Welshman from Montgomeryshire, who had the care of them—drew out one of these guns, and shot the creature twice. One ball passed through its open mouth, and the other through its heart.

This and other adventures having given our heroine a taste for travel, she had no sooner returned to England and terminated her engagement with the Smiths than she contracted a new one with Captain and Mrs. Foreman, who were about proceeding to the East Indies in a ship called The Denmark Hill, of which Capt. Foreman was the owner. On arriving in Australia, offers of marriage quite rained upon the bewitching but impregnable Elizabeth.

Among my suitors were two tailors, Batty and Smith, and Mr. Malcolm, the surveyor. He was a very nice gentleman, and a godly man; but I preferred seeing more of the world to going with him into the bush.

Another of her suitors (whom it is not astonishing that she refused) was a certain

Disagreeable and decrepit old man, about ninety years of age, who used to hobble about on two sticks. He was called Paddy Millar. He and his first wife were among the earliest convicts ever sent to that colony. He had gained immense riches under some Government regulations, which were afterwards altered; but he could not legally be deprived of the profits they had brought to him. He had married seven wives in succession, portioning off one to make room for another; and the women thus enriched by him had readily found new husbands.

At Calcutta, Elizabeth Davis was introduced to Bishop Heber, of whom she gives good report, but is of opinion that "Mrs. Heber had not the look of a godly woman." At Canton she landed, and penetrated into the city farther than any European had previously done.

Being let in, I wandered about and saw a great many craftsmen at all sorts of works. Some were weaving; and others making cabinets; others turning with a lathe—every one was busy that I saw, and they were all gentle and civil in their manner to me; but they eyed me, I thought, as if they misdoubted: there was not a woman among them. I felt uneasy, and was sorry that I had come. None of them uttered a word to me, nor did I speak to them. Not knowing where I went, I got at length into the Royal Square, where I found a great number of women, all very industrious, and working in sets at all kind of things: some were at embroidery; some were weaving silk or camel's hair textures; some were turning ivory; and others making fans, and pretty toys. I was very much pleased to see them. I should think there were five hundred there. They all seemed by their manners to be ladies. They were beautiful creatures, very fair, and had a delicate pink colour on their cheeks. . . . I was told afterwards that this was the Emperor's harem.

These ladies subsequently invited Miss Davis "up-stairs," and showed her everything; she, on her part, addressing them in the Welsh language, which they appeared to understand, so that she is "sure there is some connection between the Welsh and Chinese." The story is well enough, and the only objection is that which a captious critic might take to putting the Emperor's harem into Canton.

To follow Miss Davis through all her adventures would be tedious; those which we have quoted are a fair sample of the rest. Proposals of marriage from wealthy, and even distinguished persons, form a large share of those which remain; yet, in spite of all these, the year 1854 found her in a dependent position. Then it was that she resolved to become a Balaclava nurse. Her interviews with Miss Nightingale do not appear to have been very satisfactory; for that lady seems to have incurred her displeasure, on account of the authority and discipline by which she attempted to control the self-willed Welshwoman.

There are some interesting particulars about the state of things at Balaclava and Scutari, but all, we fear, tinged more or less with the same exaggeration which characterises most of our heroine's statements. Allowing, however, for this, there is every reason to believe, and the numerous testimonials from persons competent to bear witness which are appended to the book attest, that she was an excellent nurse, and did her duty admirably in the Crimea. Her book is curious and interesting; and if its contents do occasionally awaken a smile of incredulity, we may safely come to the general conclusion that Elizabeth Davis is a very worthy soul, and a good sample of the uneducated, impulsive, and self-willed peasant, who is not a little proud of having seen the world, and is not indisposed to avail herself of the usual licence which is granted to travellers.

The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Ducrest, his Wife. Edited from the original MSS., by the Duke of Norfolk, E. M. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857. 12mo. pp. 317.

To the inheritors of "the blood of all the Howards" this work will afford matter of especial interest; in a more general degree it will command the attention of the members of the Roman Catholic Church in England; but the historian and the world of literature at large will gain but little by its publication. *The Lives of*

Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and Anne Dacres, his Countess, are given from an ancient MSS., written by the Jesuit priest and confessor who attended the family after their declared adhesion to the Church of Rome. The only merit his Grace the Editor claims is that of having transcribed the MSS. with the most careful attention both to its spelling and punctuation, not the smallest alteration having been made except in the 12th and 76th pages, where certain passages have, from motives of delicacy, been omitted, and in the 13th page, where equally commendable good taste has caused a slight alteration in the construction of a passage.

The Earl of Arundel, whose biography is so elaborately given in the ancient chronicle before us, was born on the 28th of June 1557, and before he had attained his thirteenth year was publicly betrothed to Anne, the eldest daughter of Lord Dacres, the actual marriage taking place two years afterwards. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, had for some time been a prisoner in the Tower of London, and soon after the solemnisation of his son's nuptials was beheaded by the order of Queen Elizabeth. The young Earl, after remaining two years at the University of Cambridge, where he led a very irregular life, became a constant attendant at Court; fell into its worst society; "to give contentment to the Queen," neglected his wife altogether; and, in short, what with giving magnificent feasts, tournaments, and other entertainments, to her virgin Majesty, became so deeply involved, that it was only by the sale of a large portion of his own and his lady's lands, and strict economy and retrenchment for many years after, that he was able at last to extricate himself from debt. But a great change was approaching. In 1581 he happened to be present at a discussion between some Protestant clergy and Roman Catholic priests, which took place in the Tower of London. Up to this time he had professed an adherence to the principles of the Reformation, but certainly did little credit to them by his life and conduct, and can scarcely be said to have had any serious thoughts at all. However, the arguments brought forward by the celebrated Jesuit, Father Campion, in this public disputation, appear to have made a deep impression on his mind, and after awhile resulted in the open adhesion of the Earl to the Church of Rome. With all the new-born zeal of a proselyte, he now sought to bring his wife and brother to the same creed as himself, and succeeded so well that, ere two years had elapsed, the change of religion in them became notorious. It required little extraneous influence to work upon the Countess, for she had always had a strong bias in this direction, and doubtless would have become a member of the Church of Rome even had the Earl remained a Protestant to the day of his death. Of course a step like this could not be taken without danger both to life and fortune; and the Earl received such strong intimations of the Queen's enmity towards him that he resolved to quit the kingdom without delay. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to her Majesty (which is given *in extenso* in the volume before us), setting forth at great length all the reasons which had induced him to take this decisive step; and, as soon as he had dispatched it, hired a vessel and set sail for France. But scarcely had he embarked when the treachery of the captain was rendered evident; a signal was made, the vessel was instantly pursued, the Earl taken prisoner, brought up to London, and committed to the Tower. His examination before the Star Chamber followed, and quickly ended in his arraignment and condemnation.

However, though sentence of death was passed, it was never carried into execution. Many causes intervened to prevent it. For five long years the Earl remained a close prisoner in the Tower, until a lingering illness put a period to his captivity and released him from much suffering in 1595. His Countess survived him five-and-thirty years, living a life of charity, self-denial, and universal benevolence.

The above is a brief outline of the story narrated in the pages before us. The greater portion of the volume is devoted to a description of the mode of life pursued by the Earl and Countess after their conversion, their many acts of devotion, their patience and constancy under imprisonment and suffering, and their great love and munificence to the Church of Rome, displayed in gifts to priests, religious houses, and, above all, in the establishment by the Countess of the Jesuits' College in Ghent.

It is only right to state that the volume is

beautifully "got up," and reflects in this respect great credit on the illustrious editor and his publishers.

Washington Irving's *Life of Washington* is in course of publication by Mr. Bohn. We believe it to be a copyright, and therefore the appearance of it in so cheap a form is a boon for which the reading public ought to be grateful. The fourth volume has just appeared, bringing down the history to the close of the American War. When it is concluded, the entire work will require a careful review.

The Life of Alexander Pope, including Extracts from his Correspondence. By Robert Carruthers. (London: Bohn.)—This is a second edition, justified by the success of the first. It is by far the most full and accurate memoir of the poet which has been produced, and it has been rendered peculiarly interesting by the introduction of so much of his correspondence as exhibits the man as forming a part of Mr. Bohn's beautiful "Illustrated Library," it is adorned with no less than thirty-four engravings, so that it is a drawing-room ornament, as well as a most pleasant book for the library.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England. By John Lord Campbell. Fourth Edition. 10 vols. Vol. VIII. (London: Murray.) This volume contains the lives of Loughborough and Erskine; and, as the biographer approaches our own times, he becomes more anecdotal and more interesting. This edition places within the reach of all readers a book hitherto attainable only by the wealthy.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts. By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. New Edition. 3 vols. London: Bohn.

MR. JESSE'S *Memoirs of the Stuart Family* have not enjoyed the popularity to which their merits entitle them. It is one of the most pleasant, because most gossiping and anecdotal, histories in our language, reminding us of the delightful memoirs which abound in French literature, but which are so rare in our own. It is, in fact, the private history of the reigns of the Stuarts and of the Protectorate, their families, and others intimately connected with the Court, exhibiting the principal personages of the day in their undress. Mr. Bohn has done good service, both to the author and to the public, by introducing this delightful work into his "Historical Library," and thus placing it, at the price of a few shillings, within the reach of all classes. It is also profusely adorned with historical portraits, forming quite a gallery of the celebrated personages of the time.

Our Indian Army: a Military History of the British Empire in the East. By Capt. RAFTER. London: Bryce.

THIS work was published two years ago, and attracted little attention, for then Indian affairs were scarcely thought of, and books about India were treated with neglect. All this is changed; all of us want to know all we can, and every scrap of information is welcome. A short history of our army in the East will serve to stay the appetite until more elaborate books can be written, and Capt. Rafter's volume is very readable.

SCIENCE.

Essays on Natural History. Third Series. By CHARLES WATERTON, Esq. London: Longmans.

ALL lovers of natural history are familiar with the name of Waterton; and his picturesque abode, the haunt of so many of the birds whose habits he has described so faithfully, must be equally in the mind's eye at least of all readers of the two former series of his essays. This third series opens with a continuation of the author's autobiography, and then presents ten chapters on as many various subjects: as, A New History of the Monkey Family, Pigeon Cots and Pigeon Breeders, the Humming Bird, Notes on the Dog Tribe, Cannibalism, the Fox, and Snakes. From the anecdotal style peculiar to him, little more can be done with such a book than to cull from it some of the most interesting passages, which we proceed to do, premising that

Mr. Waterton is to be read with the recollection that he is a man of large faith, and would probably see things in somewhat exaggerated shapes. But he is perfectly honest, there is no doubt of that. He writes what he believes to have occurred.

There is a delicious enthusiasm in this

VISIT TO THE ORANG-OUTANG.

The second living ape which has come under my inspection, is the great red orang-outang from the island of Borneo. I went up to London, expressly to see it at the Zoological Gardens which are under the superintendence of Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman so well known for his talents in office, and for his courtesy to visitors. Most amply, indeed, was I repaid for the trouble I had taken. The orang-outang was of wrinkled and of melancholy aspect, entirely devoid of any feature bordering on ferocity. As I gazed through the bars of his clean and spacious apartment, I instantly called to my recollection Sterne's affecting description of his captive, who was confined for life, and was sitting on the ground, "upon a little straw, and was lifting up a hopeless eye to the door!" The more I inspected this shaggy prisoner from Borneo, the more I felt convinced, that, in its own nature, it could lay no manner of claim to the most remote alliance with the human race, saving in a faint appearance of form, and in nothing more. The winding up of the interview which I had with it, confirmed me firmly in the opinion which I had long entertained of its entire family. Having observed his mild demeanour, and his placid countenance, I felt satisfied that, if ever the animal had been subject to paroxysms of anger when free in its native woods, those paroxysms had been effectually subdued, since it had become a captive under the dominion of civilised man. Acting under this impression, I asked permission to enter the apartment in which it was confined; and permission was immediately granted by a keeper in attendance. As I approached the orang-outang, he met me about half way, and we soon entered into an examination of each other's persons. Nothing struck me more forcibly than the uncommon softness of the inside of his hands. Those of a delicate lady could not have shown a finer texture. He took hold of my wrist and fingered the blue veins therein contained; whilst I myself was lost in admiration at the protuberance of his enormous mouth. He most obligingly let me open it, and thus I had the best opportunity of examining his two fine rows of teeth. We then placed our hands around each other's necks; and we kept them there awhile, as though we had really been excited by an impulse of fraternal affection. It were loss of time in me, were I to pen down an account of the many gambols which took place betwixt us, and I might draw too much upon the reader's patience. Suffice it then to say, that the surrounding spectators seemed wonderfully amused at the solemn farce before them. Whilst it was going on, I could not help remarking that the sunken eye of the orang-outang, every now and then, was fixed on something outside of the apartment. I remarked this to the keeper, who was standing in the crowd at a short distance. He pointed to a young stripling of a coxcomb. "That dandy," said he, "has been teasing the orang-outang a little while ago; and I would not answer for the consequence could the animal have an opportunity of springing at him." This great ape from Borneo exhibited a kind and gentle demeanour, and he appeared pleased with my familiarity. Having fully satisfied myself how completely the natural propensities of a wild animal from the forest may be mollified, and ultimately subdued by art, and by gentleness on the part of rational man, I took my leave of this interesting prisoner, scraping and bowing with affected gravity as I retired from his apartment.

Up to this time, our ape had shown a suavity of manners and a continued decorum truly astonishing in any individual of his family; I say of his family, because in days now long gone by, when our intercourse with Africa was much more frequent than it is at present, I have known apes, baboons, and monkeys brought over from Guinea to Guiana, notorious for their forbidding and outrageous habits. This orang-outang, however, by his affability and correctness, appeared to make amends for the sins of his brethren. "Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him;" and I bade him farewell, impressed with the notion that he was a model of perfection, which might be imitated with advantage even by some of our own species.

Again.

During the time which I passed in the apartment of the large red orang-outang, which attracted so much interest, so much admiration, and ultimately so much disgust, I really considered him to be quite out of his sphere. As he moved to and fro, he did it with a sort of reeling motion, and his gait was remarkably awkward; and when he stood on two legs his figure was out of all proportion. You might see at once, that nature never intended him for a biped. To us mortals alone has the Creator granted the sublime privilege of standing upright. "Os homini sublime dedit," &c. In his movements on the floor, he had the appearance as though he were swung in the loins. But, no sooner had

he ascended the large artificial tree, which had been so aptly prepared for him, than his countenance underwent a visible change; and all seemed to go rightly with him, as though by magic. He swang with amazing ease, and apparently in excellent humour, by one arm, from branch to branch, imitating the pendulum of a clock; then, he would spring to another branch, and alight on it, upon all fours, with astonishing agility and steadfastness; and often he came down a sloping part of the tree, head foremost, as though he had been walking on the level ground. So long as he remained in the tree, his every turn and movement indicated that he was just where he ought to be; and he clearly showed by his actions, and by his manifest self-possession, that the tree to him was exactly as the ground is to us, or the water to the finny tribes. I had, indeed, a most favourable opportunity of making a few observations on the deportment of this huge but innocuous ape, both whilst I was inside and outside of his metropolitan prison. I soon saw clearly that the tendons in his long and strangely proportioned arms did all his work for him, as he jumped from place to place, or whilst he remained suspended from the branch which he had seized. When all his four limbs were collected on the branch, his hinder ones seemed merely to act as steadying-props, or secondary adjuvants. It was only when he thus exhibited himself, that I could form a correct notion of the astounding strength with which nature had endowed the fore part of his body. A movement that would have been utterly impossible to the most active of us lords of the creation, appeared easy itself in this unsightly brute. Thus, having witnessed the obvious self-possession and activity of the orang-outang in a tree, and having seen a full display of its awkwardness and apparent want of confidence after it had descended to the ground, I pronounced it, within my mind, to be an absolutely arboreal animal, in every sense of the word; nor shall the collected writings of all authors, modern as well as ancient, who have given us detailed and positive accounts of this great ape's achievements on the ground, ever convince me to the contrary. This interesting "wild man of the woods" died when least expected to have been in danger; and an unforeseen event deprived me of an opportunity to examine its remains.

Here are some

NOTES ON HUMMING BIRDS.

When the parasite plants of Guiana have come into full bloom, then is the proper time to find certain humming-birds, which you never fall in with when these parasites only are in leaf. I have sought for them whole months without success, until the blooming of the parasite plant informed me that I need labour in vain no longer. Once I had an odd adventure near a parasite bunch of flowers in the forest. I had been sitting about four hours on the ground, not much at my ease, for the sun was blazing in full splendour, when I heard a gentle rustling amongst the fallen leaves, and presently I saw a fine martin of the fumart family, making slowly up to the place which I was occupying. On getting sight of me, it gave a kind of scream, as though it would have said, "Halloo, sir, I did not expect to meet you here!" and then it instantly turned about and took to the trees, I following it and shouting at the top of my voice. This terrified it and increased its speed, and, whilst it was in the act of vaulting from a branch, I fired at it without raising the gun to my shoulder. Wonderful to relate, down dropped the flying martin, dead as Julius Caesar. This is the first and last quadruped I ever shot in mid-air. Very great doubts may be entertained as to the song or supposed song of humming-birds. Although I was in the midst of humming-birds, I never heard the least attempt at it. Still, the great French naturalist talks of singing humming-birds; but I imagine that he must have been wrongly informed, as the humming-birds of which he writes (and he had his information from an eye-witness) were only young birds, a few weeks out of the nest. Now we all know that this age, both in man and in birds, is too immature for the production of song. I am not a believer in humming-bird-melody. If it do exist, it must come from a species hitherto unknown, and with a guttural formation quite different from that which obtains in the species already examined. These guttural parts are alike in the whole known family; and thus, if one bird can sing, they all ought to sing. I can state positively, from long experience, that humming-birds are not gregarious in the usual acceptation of the word. Their incubation is always solitary, and—although many dozens of them may be seen feeding, at the scarlet flowers, for example, on the tree which the French call "Bois Immortel"—those birds will have been seen to arrive one by one at the flowers, and to have retired from them one by one when the repast was over.

Mr. Waterton asserts that carnivorous animals are solitary in their huntings.

RECOLLECTIONS.

So that we may consider it a most wise provision in the economy of nature, that, on account of food alone, herbaceous animals should be gregarious, and carnivorous ones the solitary inhabitants of countries where Omnipotence has ordered them to range. I do

not deny, but that half-a-dozen individuals of a canine family occasionally may be observed in the act of scouring along a plain or traversing a wood in company; for I myself have counted two old stoats with their five half-grown young ones crossing the road before me, as in quest of something. Another time, some thirty years ago, before the park-wall was finished, I had a brood of foxes in a stony thicket. One evening, towards the middle of autumn, as I was sitting on a bank, with my loaded air-gun waiting for rabbits, the two parent foxes and five young ones, all in a line, passed before me, not more than fifty yards distant. I remained fixed as a statue. They were cantering away, when one of the young foxes spied me. He stopped and gave mouth. This was more than I could bear; so as he was sitting on his hind quarters, I took aim at his head, and sent the ball quite through the windpipe. Away went the rest, and left him to his fate. Now had these been wolves instead of foxes, and had some timorous person been in my place, I feel convinced that his fears would have increased the number of wolves; and he would have considered it a most narrow escape from being worried alive by a large pack of these ferocious animals. Foxes are invaluable in England, and they are never to be disturbed, except by a pack of full-bred hounds. When I reflect on the wanton and wilful murder I then committed upon so cherished a quadruped, my heart misgives me; and I fancy, somehow or other, that the sin is still upon my conscience.

But Mr. Waterton asserts that he has discovered a specific for hydrophobia in the famous poison of the Indians, the wourali; and he offers to administer it to any patient in any part of England, if sent for. Hear this, and remember the address.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Both in the "Wanderings" and in the "Essays" I have spoken of the Indian wourali poison, as a supposed cure (I say supposed, because it has never yet had a trial) for hydrophobia. But, as the subject is one of vast importance, perhaps I shall not do amiss if I add here a few plain instructions. Supposing a person has been bitten by a mad dog, that person may or may not go mad; but, should symptoms of disease break out, and a competent practitioner in medicine pronounce it to be undeniable hydrophobia, and the family wish to have the wourali tried, I beg attention to the following remarks:—Do not, I pray you, let any medicines be administered. The paroxysms will generally occur, at intervals, during two or even three days before the fatal catastrophe takes place. Lose no time in telegraphing for Doctor Sibson, No. 40, Lower Brook-street, London, and for Charles Waterton, Walton Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire; we will promptly attend.

Here is a curious anecdote of

A TAME FOX.

The excitement caused in the chase will be fatal to an affection which is sometimes known to exist betwixt the dog and the fox. We had an instance of this in the days of my father, who had been a noted fox-hunter in early life. In the kennel of a neighbouring baronet there was a tame fox, and my father used to be much amused in observing the uncommon familiarity which existed betwixt it and the hounds. These would play with it, and it with them, in all manner of postures. When a good run was wanted, a whipper-in would take the social fox, and place it on a pad, so contrived at the horse's crupper that there was no danger of his slipping from it. The man would then leave the kennel, and, after having ridden to a certain distance from it, he would get off horseback and place the tame fox on the ground; then, remounting his horse, he would canter away through localities best suited to produce an excellent day's sport, the fox keeping up with him as though it were a favourite terrier. When the hounds, in full cry, had advanced sufficiently near to put the man upon his guard, he would dismount, and, having placed the fox in its former situation, he would get on horseback again and gallop away. This caused the scent to cease, and the chase was no longer pursued. Cervantes truly remarks that the pitcher is carried to the well so many times, and then gets broken. Such was the untimely fate of our poor little Reynard. One day, whilst the hounds were hard on the scent, somehow or other the man allowed them to approach too near, and before he could secure his charge they came up, and, having torn the fox in pieces, they ate every morsel of it; their rage not allowing them to distinguish the pet from an ordinary fox. Here artificial excitement, and not natural feeling, induced them to destroy and consume the very animal of which they had been so fond when it was in the kennel with them. Hence, I infer, by the common law of nature, that foxes will never eat foxes, nor dogs prey upon dogs, unless artificial excitement or famine intervene, to render nugatory, amongst brute animals, the universal mandate, which is equally imposed upon man himself, who is a rational being.

SNAKES.

The nauseous smell or fœtor, which is said by some authors to come from the bodies of these monster snakes and to infect the atmosphere, is fabulous. The whimsical account of it deserves a place on the

shelves of a nursery library. I have never perceived anything of the sort, although it has been my good fortune to come in contact with giant serpents. Did such a fœtor really exist, to the extent which authors have described, other animals could not live with any comfort under its suffocating influence, and it would be a salutary warning to them that an enemy was in the neighbourhood. Their precipitous retiring from it would be the means of starving the serpent to death for want of ordinary nourishment. Once I passed a whole night (see the "Wanderings") in the same abandoned house with a living Coulecanara snake of extraordinary size. No bad nor nauseous smell infected the apartment during any portion of the night. Most lovely are the colours of some snakes when exposed to the rays of a tropical sun; but they fade in death, and cannot possibly be restored by any application known at present, saving that of paint, which, when compared with Nature's inimitable tints and applied by the most scientific hand, is but a mean and sorry substitute.

An Elementary Treatise on Orthographic Projection.

By WILLIAM BINNS. London: Spon.

THIS is a new method of teaching the science of Mechanical and Engineering Drawing, by reducing it to fixed rules and principles, methodically arranged. Each division of the subject commences with the projection of a single point, and then proceeds to the projection of a line; and curved lines are not introduced until a full explanation has been given of the projection of right lines. It may be taught in classes, by help of the black board; and Mr. Binns says that ten months will suffice to enable the pupil to make plans, sections, and elevations of a machine or building from actual measurement.

The Mineral Waters: their Physical and Medicinal Properties. By RICHARD M. GLOVER, M.D. London: Renshaw.

AN essay on mineral waters generally, distinguished from others in this—that it is not written to puff any particular spa. The author, having described the origin, characteristics, and properties of mineral waters, gives an honest account of the most famous of those found in Europe, stating the various ingredients of each, and the diseases to which it is applicable. If any patient wants to select a spa for himself, Dr. Glover has provided all the materials for forming a judgment.

Hydropathy: or, the Natural System of Medical Treatment, by Edward W. Lane (Churchill), is called by the author "a confession of medical faith." It aims to bring about a reconciliation between the practitioners of old physic and the more modern natural school, by showing that hydropathy is not new, that it is reasonable, that it is consistent with physiology, that it has advantages out of itself that belong to no other system, and that, the science of medicine being just now in a transition state, it is entitled to a fair hearing and calm judgment.

Mr. W. Crookes has published a useful *Handbook to the Waxed Paper Process in Photography*, which amateurs will consult with profit.

A member of the College of Surgeons has written a pamphlet to recommend burning in preference to burying the dead, as religiously, socially, and morally preferable. We cannot say that we assent to his argument. For our own part we would rather be buried than burned. We know not why; but there is something revolting in the dissipation of the body of a friend or relative.

A Commentary on the Reports of the Decimal Coinage Commission (Ridgway) reviews the propositions of that body, and proposes a simple mode of effecting the object.

Mr. C. Donovan has published *A Reply to Sir B. Brodie's Attack on Phrenology*, in his "Psychological Inquiries." (Baillière.)—It meets all the physician's objections with great spirit, and answers them triumphantly.

EDUCATION.

Durack's Latin Lesson Book for Home Pupils. Jersey: Gosset. 1857.

LATIN accidence has not usually been considered an amusing study, and few schoolboys have been hitherto accustomed to select the rules of syntax as light reading for a leisure hour. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Here is a Latin Grammar on a new principle, by which instruction is to be blended with amusement. Ancient Joe Millers and lugubrious puns are freely scattered over the

pages, and the attention of the learner is sought to be kept alive by the novel expedient of interweaving an account of the life and experiences of the author with those less attractive matters which are professedly discussed. The autobiographical information thus introduced is not, however, always strictly pertinent to the grammatical subject-matter in hand. Thus, *à propos* of the declension of substantives, we are informed that the author's eldest brother was "placed as a pupil successively with two clergymen, giving classical instruction to a limited number; yielded them great satisfaction by his assiduity; went four times through the *œuvre* of the Eton Grammar; wrote abundance of Latin exercises; and commenced the study of Greek, with great relish for learning." Our author, however, was not himself so fortunate. He had to initiate himself, unaided, into the mysteries of Latin, though he had the mortification of learning, through "the casual inquiry of a friend," that he did not "even sound the words aright." But his friend, with a view of correcting these deficiencies, took him to hear the Eton recitations, "which was a fine treat for a self-instructed Latinist." Our author also, at another period, had the good fortune to meet on board a steamboat with a French officer of artillery and his family. Earnestly "desiring to hold converse with these interesting strangers," and having attempted unsuccessfully to communicate in French, he chose Latin as the medium of intercourse, though, not being able to understand each other's pronunciation, they were obliged "to write their colloquies, which were pleasingly intelligible." We may observe that this pleasing anecdote is introduced to explain and illustrate the fifth declension.

By the time that we come to the irregular verbs, we find Mr. Durack endeavouring to turn his classical attainments to account. The "mastership of a royal grammar-school being vacant," the "announcement stirred up a desire in Durack to change from commercial pursuits to what he thought more congenial ones; but how get testimonials?" To an ordinary man this might have seemed some slight difficulty; but not so to our author. He "arose at dawn the following day, to saddle his nag," and ride forth on the apparently Quixotic attempt to "find eminence sufficiently learned and courteous to award his deserts the testimony needed." His first assault was made on an archdeacon residing in the neighbourhood. But the attempt unfortunately failed, owing to a deficiency either in the learning or the courtesy of the venerable dignitary. "Thus fairly repulsed, yet unvanquished," Mr. Durack proceeded to introduce himself to "a D.D., presiding over the grammar-school of highest celebrity in the county." Though "personally a stranger" to this gentleman, our author succeeded, he tells us, in obtaining admission into the library, and forthwith demanded to be then and there examined as to his classical attainments. Fortified with the testimonial thus procured, Mr. Durack applied for the mastership which was the object of his ambition. But, alas! "statutory routine forbade" his success, and a "qualified graduate" was invidiously appointed to the vacant post.

We have only followed our author's career as far as the irregular verbs, and we must refer our readers to the work itself for those biographical incidents which are introduced to illustrate the construction of *qui* with the subjunctive, or of the accusative and infinitive. We are afraid, however, that we cannot recommend this book as a safe guide "for intelligent parents or accomplished lady governesses." The Latinity of many sentences is more than dubious, and the adoption of the pronunciation recommended would entail very unpleasant consequences, should the pupil take his place on even the lowest form at a public school.

Mensuration, Plane and Solid: for the use of Schools and Colleges. By the Rev. J. SIDNEY Boucher, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge; Principal of the Holly Bank School, Birskenhead. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

Our shelves are encumbered with elementary works on mensuration, all promising much in preface and on title-page, but all more or less deficient in performance. Some of these are by mathematicians whose names may be found high in the Cambridge Tripos-lists; in these the theory is for the most part elegantly elaborated, but the examples are carelessly constructed, and the explanations given are so curt and compli-

cated, that schoolboys of ordinary intelligence are unable to comprehend them without assistance.

A still larger number of books on this subject are written either by, or professedly for the use of, "practical men"—machinists, builders, or engineers. In these the theoretical part of the subject is slurred over, while the pupil is taught to attain certain mysterious numerical results by cumbrous "rule of thumb" processes. Books of this description may possibly, though we doubt it, be of service to the artisan who blindly uses them; but for educational purposes they are worse than useless. A boy who has been thus taught, on the principle of doing without principles, will in the school-room cover sheets upon sheets of paper with correctly-worked examples; but in the playground or at home he is unable to solve the simplest practical case that may incidentally arise.

After a long-continued search, we have now at length met with a work on mensuration which in a happy manner combines the merits, and avoids the defects, of each of the two classes of books which we have named. Mr. Boucher is not only a competent mathematician, but is, moreover, a practical schoolmaster, and he appears to have acutely felt, and ably supplied, what has been hitherto an undoubted desideratum in scholastic literature. The explanations he gives are clear, simple, and satisfactory, while the numerous progressive examples which are subjoined are ingeniously varied in form, and are moreover thoroughly well considered and well constructed. We feel sure that schoolmasters will thank us for having directed their attention to this book.

Xenophontis de Cyri Minoris Expeditione libri septem. Oxonii: J. H. et J. Parker. 1857.

We have here another volume of the Oxford pocket classics. The merits of that compact and convenient series are so well known to all classical students as to render superfluous any word of commendation from ourselves. Suffice it to say that Kühner's text of the *Anabasis* has been carefully and accurately reprinted, and that the analytical summary given in Schneider's edition has been prefixed.

L'Eco Italiano (Trübner) is a practical guide to Italian conversation, by Eugene Cornerini. The plan is not new. This author advances his dialogues by stages from simple to difficult.

The second edition has been published of the Rev. J. D. Collis's *Short French Grammar for Classical Schools* (Longman), proving that the plan of it has been approved of by those who have made trial of it.

An *Elementary Speaking French Grammar*, by John Loth (Whitaker), attempts the almost impossible task of teaching a person to talk French without a master. It is one of the best we have seen.

A *Safe and Sure Method of Acquiring a Practical Knowledge of French*, by G. Dagobert (Shaw), is an elaborate work, in which the rule or lesson is first given, and then exercises that enable the learner to see how those rules are applied, and to impress them upon his memory, when, at the same time, he is mastering a certain number of words. It is very much like Ollendorf's system.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Life in China. By the Rev. WILLIAM C. MILNE. London: Routledge.

MR. MILNE went to China as a missionary in 1839, and, with an absence of only two years, continued his labours there until the beginning of 1854. In the discharge of his pious duties he visited Macao, Hong Kong, Canton, Chusan, Ningpo, and Shanghai, travelling through the heart of the three provinces of Chihkeang, Kiangse, and Canton. He thus saw more of the country and the people than any traveller, except the semi-mythical Huc. Hence he is enabled to correct many erroneous notions current in Europe about China and the Chinese—some of them, he says, really untrue, and very unjust to the inhabitants—and also to give a great deal of new and correct information regarding Chinese life and habits.

This volume appears opportunely at a moment when we have engaged in war with an empire of which we are in most profound ignorance; and every trustworthy intelligence relating to it will not only be read with eager curiosity, but will be

of infinite value in directing the thoughts of statesmen, as well as of the people, to the best mode of dealing with the enterprise we have taken upon ourselves, probably without a sufficient measurement of the task before us. At all events, the impression made upon our own mind by perusal of Mr. Milne's volume is, that the Chinese empire has more people, and that the Chinese as a people are vastly more civilised than we, who have been accustomed to descriptions of them from visitors to Canton, are willing to believe. It is the same as if a visitor to Wapping were to go away and describe that locality and its population as England and the English.

We could fill a whole number of THE CRITIC with interesting extracts from this volume, almost every page of which presents something worth taking, but we must cull a few only; and fortunately the book is a cheap one, so that it may be read by all whom the subject shall attract.

It is an article of English belief that the Chinese drown their children. Hear Mr. Milne:

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Having had a good opportunity, by personal inspection, of acquainting myself with its object and operations, I can readily speak of it. The asylum was but temporary—only for a few months, to meet the peculiar exigencies of the juncture. The range of buildings was run up in a few days—extending over four acres of land. It was divided into one hundred apartments, all on one floor—some fifteen feet square, some thirty feet. They were flagged below, where the children ate and played; had lath partitions; and were fitted up with sleeping compartments raised a few feet above the ground. The number of children, when I visited it, amounted to 2000, one-third of them girls. Each child was well clad, and seemed well fed. A ticket was put on each, and a minute registry kept of the place from which the child was brought, so that, on the breaking up of the asylum, it might be restored to its proper guardians. They were portioned off in twenties for each compartment, and placed under an aged matron, who had the charge of their food, clothing, medicine, &c. The average ages were between three and ten. It was said, those found under three were sent to the Shanghai Foundling Hospital already spoken of, and any above ten years were declined. Wherever the innocent little sufferers were found, they were taken up and minutely questioned as to age, surname, and parents. I fully believe that of this family of children, numbers were not cast out by the parents to the intent that they might not live, but were sent out or left on the roadside in the expectation that their offspring might live on public bounty, fed and clothed, as was done in this institution. This act of benevolence, on the part of the Shanghai natives, was suggested by foreigners. It was set on foot by themselves, encouraged by the local magistracy, and carried out by the united effort of a kind-hearted public. And I must add that the entire order in the establishment was, as far as my inspection served, most surprising, and the arrangements admirable.

The list of benevolent institutions visited by our missionary fills many pages, including dispensaries, retreats for destitute widows, for the halt and maimed, blind asylums, leper hospitals, vaccine establishments, a Humane Society, and

A PRACTICAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

It was set on foot in 1834, chiefly at the instigation of two native gentlemen, who contributed largely of their own property, and induced many wealthy citizens to join them in some effective measures for the relief of the popular misery, then aggravated by the hard times of that year. Its precise views may be understood from this digest, drawn out of its report of 1836, which I have lying before me. Its objects are:—

To take care of outcast infants.—The report states that the founders had their pity moved by the harrowing scenes of famished, screaming, and pining babes which, having been deserted by parents in consequence of the severe famine of the season, they saw lying along the roads and highways.

To provide raiment for the poor during the cold winter.—The report intimates that, in 1835, grants of clothes were made to the Foundling Hospital and to numerous beggars in town and country—to the latter especially, a coarse paddy-sack covering the whole person.

To supply the poor with coffins.—By printed statements in my hands, it appears that, in that same year, 151 coffins were provided for destitute families, at an average expense of five shillings.

To bury those found dead, at least those unrecognised.—Under this head the society had, in 1835, to provide for 279 adults and children.

To gather the scattered bones of the dead, lying about the burial-grounds. This is a mark of respect periodically paid to the relics of those who already have been committed to the dust, but whose coffins, from age, have broken up. When the bones are collected, they are transported to the cemetery belonging to the society. The coffins in which the scattered bones are placed are not large, and one year they numbered 647.

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Added to these are numerous educational establishments.

The following will give some idea of the progress of refinement in China.

A MERCHANT'S GARDEN.

In the course of my wanderings I called at the residence of Mr. Lin, a gentleman of extensive reputation and large property. He chanced not to be at home, yet I was invited to look through his flower-garden, so highly spoken of by the citizens. The taste displayed in laying out these narrow grounds was certainly wonderful, as well as the skill in grouping together in becoming proportions a complete epitome of rural scenery. Here there was a lake with its islets, there mountains, hills, and dales, orchards and jungles, barren rocks and green swards, pebbly paths and chunam walks, all compressed within less than half an acre of land. Every where the eye fell on elegant slate slabs, squares of marble, needles of petrified wood, stunted firs, forced peach trees, Japanese dwarf cedars, and bamboos, green, black, speckled, square-stalked and round-stalked, &c. &c. The rich, when they can afford it (and if they have a taste for it), have their grounds laid out much in the style I have described, not improbably for the sake of affording the females and children in their establishments means for recreation. Such attempts to bring within a narrow space an epitome of rural nature have been highly successful, and present an agreeable miniature of the picturesque scenery in country life to those that are confined within closed doors. In the midst of these tasteful arrangements, it is not unusual to erect a summer-house for study or amusement. A small lagoon will invariably be found in such charming resorts, where goldfish and other varieties are reared, and the water-lily in particular, a favourite with the Chinese for its wide open leaf and its fragrant flower.

This recipe may be acceptable.

HOW THE CHINESE MAKE TEA.

The common mode of "making tea," among the "tea-drinkingest people on the face of the earth," is simply to put into a cup as much tea as you can pinch up with your fingers, pour upon it water at the boiling point, and cover the cup. The beverage is then sipped at pleasure, and a second edition obtained by repeating the application of boiling water. In families and shops, where visitors are constantly pouring in, a commodious teapot full of the decoction, stands on a counter or a convenient side-table, surrounded by a bevy of teacups, to oblige the thirsty customer. Rain-water is the universal favourite for preparing the draught; hence, in economical families, huge monster jars are constantly standing under the eaves of the houses, to catch every drop of the "heavenly rain." Strong tea is not preferred by the Chinese, black tea being the rule, green the exception. When decocted, it is drunk without any admixture of milk and sugar. These are used only by foreigners, and probably to mollify the *désagrémens* of the "black draughts" they are so fond of "masking." As to sugar and milk, the former is superabundant in china, and used for every imaginable purpose except tea-drinking; but you will live long enough in the "flowery land" before your ears are startled by the milk-whoop, which in England is the morning salute to wake up the kitchen and nursery maids. I am now speaking of the Chinese, not of the habits of foreign visitors, who in this respect show that they will not always do in Rome as Rome does; for they will have milk even in milkless China, and at length those tremendous water-buffaloes (which one at first sight scarcely knows what to call—hippopotamuses or rhinoceroses) have been trained and are drained to supply foreign tables at the several settlements, with thick milk for tea and coffee.

It seems that by our first war we did not conciliate the good will of the Chinese; we only influenced their fears. Mr. Milne thus describes the public feeling which it engendered.

HATRED OF THE ENGLISH.

More frequently I was struck with symptoms of excessive terror shown by the commonalty, particularly during the first part of my stay. Indeed it was painful to observe the undue timidity that men, women, and children of all classes evinced at the sight of the foreigner. Everywhere I was at once recognised by the tight trousers, long black coat, and English hat. At fifty yards off, my appearance was the signal for women to bolt into their houses with their screaming children and bar the doors. When I trudged along the paved street, every passenger seemed as if he wished he could shrink into a nutshell. One dared not look me straight in the face. Another stole a side glance at my hand or umbrella, imagining that my stick concealed a spring gun, or my very fingers could be turned into pocket-pistols. A third, as he shuffled past, would put his coat-sleeve (or, if he had such a thing, his handkerchief) up to his nose, and when he had got clear of me, he would spit; for he had heard, and suspected it was too true, that about "these outside barbarians" there was a dangerous and infectious malaria. A crowd of gaping mouths and staring eyes would follow at a distance; but the least halt I made scattered the multitude; and sometimes I found myself standing alone wondering and amused at the strange effect.

Here was

A STRANGE DISH.

Like other Chinese, in mark of respect, he invited me to dine with him on an early day after our acquaintance was formed. On this occasion I met at his table with a peculiar dish, which I have never seen under the roof of any other host, though I was informed that it was not a monopoly of Mr. Le's taste. When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabs had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature.

The following custom equally prevails among ourselves:

SITTING IN THE NEW YEAR.

With equal vigilance and punctuality the new year was watched as it opened upon the world. They "sat it in"—men, women, and children. At its earliest dawn, there was presented to each one a warm dish of new-year's cake soaked in wine syrup, and, as the sun rose, the several members of the household sallied out to pay their respects to the family and city gods, deceased ancestors, and surviving relatives. Sunrise was the general signal "for paying the compliments of the season;" and, throughout the merry season, which was spun out to eight or ten days, there was nothing but a round of friendly calls and feastings—all classes being most polite and complaisant to each other. On New-year's-day itself one was not much troubled with calls, except from intimates—most men having enough to do in watching the entrance of the new year and paying their dutiful attentions to the members of their own families, while many, fatigued by the watchings of the night and surfettings of the morning, were obliged to go to bed at noon. In lieu of personal visits, a convenient proxy was adopted by private individuals, and chiefly by merchant firms and public institutions, in sending merely complimentary cards by the hands of their servants, who slipped them under the doors; so that when I started on my morning cruise of friendly calls, I stumbled on heaps of cards lying in the passage-way. It was on the second day that the inhabitants themselves began to stir out, dressed up in the finest suits they could afford.

This is another custom:

MEETING THE SPRING.

In 1843, as the term denoting "the commencement of spring" fell on the 5th of February, the official ceremony of "meeting spring" (*ying-ts'un*) was observed the day previous. The municipal authorities left their respective residences at an early hour, and in procession went out at the east gate of the city—that point of the compass being chosen from the prevalent notion that the spring comes from the east, summer from the south, autumn from the west, and winter from the north. The procession moved across the river to a large building in the suburbs, with an extensive area of open ground. The crowd that thronged to see the show was immense. The principal actor was the city provost. On one spot there sat "the god of spring," and hard by, a paper figure of an ox of many colours. Both having been officially welcomed into the neighbourhood with a number of childish ceremonies, the officers sat down to drink wine.

Young ladies in China have no voice in the choice of husbands. As in France, the parents choose, and the daughter obeys, without a murmur. As in Germany, betrothal takes place long before marriage, and even while the parties are children. The consequences are described:

BETROTHAL.

This crisis is of no mean import in the history of the Chinese couple; for hereafter both are virtually bound and pledged. Should the youth, however, lose his intended by death, he is under no tie whatever, and he may form a second engagement when he pleases. But it is the reverse with a young woman in parallel circumstances, who, to consult public opinion and to retain the respect of her own circle, will decline any other proposal, and choose to "live in weeds." When satisfactory recommendations can be offered of her virtuous and upright deportment through a life of widowhood, there is hope of government honours being lavished on her, e.g., public monuments of marble erected "in memoriam." The

Chinese cite instances of young women who have preferred suicide to disgracing themselves and dishonouring the departed by violating this rule of well-bred society. On this account, it is not uncommon for the bereaved maiden, on the death of her affianced, to submit to an abridged ceremony of leaving her father's house, for the purpose of placing herself under the shelter and control of her father-in-law. By this procedure she confirms the obligations of her widow-state.

We must conclude, very reluctantly, with a description of

A CHINESE WEDDING.

On the auspicious day itself I hastened to witness the lady leave her mother's home, about seven o'clock in the evening. She was in the little room, to which her earliest associations had been confined, surrounded by women and matrons (her mother among them) weeping and wailing. She had trimmed herself, powdered her face, rouged her lips, musked her robes, and, as she could afford them, displayed her finest jewels. Had she been too poor to have jewellery by her, she could readily have supplied herself for the time at the nearest pawnbroker's. At last the bridal chair was at the door, with chair-bearers and musicians. A concourse of spectators stood outside, eager, if not impatient, to catch a glimpse of the *sin-niang*, alias "the new woman." After the procession was duly arranged, the bride was carried out of her room, as if *ri et armis*, by her brothers, and she was placed in her nuptial sedan seemingly in a helpless condition. When carried out of her father's house, she was lifted over a pan of lighted charcoal. This precaution was explained as necessary to prevent the lady carrying off with her all the good fortunes of the family! That is one interpretation, but there may be others equally absurd. The chair was capacious and elegant. The bride sat within, arrayed in a cloak fringed with tiny tinkling bells, and on her head she wore a singularly-shaped hat, with a veil of beads, &c. that almost completely covered her face. Every symbol of gaiety was exhibited, identified with their notions of a wedding occasion, when, according to their phraseology, "the phoenixes sing in harmony," and compatible with the bridegroom's finances. The whole retinue hurried on along winding streets lined with staring spectators, preceded by men and boys with torches and crackers. By this time a messenger had announced that the lady was "a-comin'," and all was astir at the bridegroom's, where the gates were opened to receive the gaudy banners, pink umbrellas, red boxes, and other pieces of baggage, which heralded the rapid approach of the bride. Presently the chair-bearers rushed in. Three heavy crackers intimated that the bridal sedan had actually come. This conveyance was attended by four bridesmaids on foot, in black dresses and with pink sashes; but they were old women! A singularly dressed mistress of ceremonies came out to accost the young bride. As she stepped out of her chair, a horse-saddle was laid on the floor, over which she had to stride. Her four maids supported the lady in passing into the inner apartments. Here she met the bridegroom, who, by the way, had to be searched for and led out for introduction to his future companion—a farce sometimes played at a Chinese wedding, as if to denote extreme modesty or timidity on the part of the husband in entering on his new responsibilities. The couple on meeting knelt down and paid their religious *devoirs* to "Heaven." Next, a document with the marriage contract was publicly and distinctly read. Worship was then paid at the ancestral tablets of the husband's family. After this, the pair were conducted into the bridal chamber, which immediately was crowded with friends and visitors. Here, standing side by side, two cups of wine-syrup joined by a scarlet thread were exchanged between the couple. This part of the ceremony was concluded by what is called *sahchung*, or throwing a plateful of various fruits, berries, and confections among the crowds of spectators, who were eager to pick up what they could. On this the bridegroom "came out of his chamber rejoicing." The bride was detained within to be unveiled and to change her upper dress, which by this time must have become excessively cumbersome. I was much surprised to find the bridal chamber open to public gaze and scrutiny. And at this, as at other weddings, two or three features forced themselves on me, as exceedingly *outré* to the notions of a Westerner. To any special visitor who entered, the bride was brought out for inspection, and at the interview he was at liberty to offer what remarks he might think *apropos*, about her lips, nose, eyes, eyebrows, feet, petticoats, &c. Evidently the remarks were stale and commonly current, for, when one experienced hand made his observations, they were responded to by appropriate sentences from another in the crowd. However outrageous all this was to me, a mere looker-on, it was amazing to mark the composure of the young bride through it all—not a smile on her lips, not a muscle moved—not a blush in her face; and I was then informed that the reputation of a bride greatly depended on the gravity, calmness,

* This custom (as their records state) was instituted above 1900 years ago, by an emperor, who, at his own marriage, as he scattered a tray of five vari-coloured fruits, blessed the people in these words:—"As many of the berries as any one can catch, so many children may he have."

and temper with which she received the remarks of bystanders at such a time. If so, several ladies, at whose nuptials I have been present, must have earned a virtuous name by their collected demeanour during so trying a probation. As usual, that evening closed with feasting—men and women in separate apartments. In the female branch, the bride opened the supper by appearing at the top of the table, in the expressive parlance of some places, *doobi-no-no**, acknowledging through one of her attendant maids, "Worthy matrons and young ladies, the bride desires to offer her respectful thanks to you all for your kindness and attention." She then for a while seated herself at the table, while the other ladies partook of the repast. When the men had taken their seats, the bridegroom came forward to pour wine into each guest's cup. The master of ceremonies now intimated that the bridegroom wished to express his obligations to the friends who had honoured him with their presence on the occasion. Supper being ended, the bride appeared in the gentleman's supper-room to acknowledge the honour they had conferred on her. The feast concluded at a very late hour; and we left the nuptial pair to their honeymoon.

Polygamy and concubinage prevail extensively among the wealthy classes, but not among the poor. Those who can afford to maintain more than one wife do so; those who can't don't. How many of the virtues on which men pride themselves are necessities! They are good because they can't afford to be otherwise.

We recommend this volume to all our readers; but the extracts we have made will speak for it better than we can.

The Militiaman at Home and Abroad: being the History of a Militia Regiment from its first training to its disembodiment; with sketches of the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Gibraltar. By EMERITUS. With illustrations by JOHN LEECH. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 300.

Who "Emeritus" may be we will not pretend to guess; but it requires a very small amount of penetration to ascertain that the militia regiment whose history he chronicles under the name of "The Royal Blanks" is, in fact, none other than "The Royal Wiltshire."

This "gallant and patriotic regiment" was one of the first that volunteered for foreign service during the Crimean War; and accordingly, in the month of February 1855, her Majesty's Government thought fit to accept the offer, and the Horse Guards issued an order for its embarkation for the Ionian Isles as soon as tonnage could be provided. This was not accomplished until the 17th, when on a gloomy Friday morning, with a driving mist, a drenching rain, and heavy gale of wind, "the Royal Blanks" bid farewell to Portsmouth Harbour, under circumstances by no means likely to keep up a landsman's spirits. Scarcely had an hour elapsed when a very unfortunate occurrence took place, which, besides casting great gloom over the ship's company, made many of the old tars to shake their heads, and ascribe that and every other piece of ill-luck to the fact of the steamer having started on a Friday. A boat containing a man was being towed behind the vessel, and, when the time arrived for taking it in, through some unfortunate mismanagement the boat was drawn under water, the poor fellow who was in it washed overboard and drowned, in spite of every effort made to save him. Two days after this a corporal was found dead in his bed; then two young children sickened and died; a storm in the Bay of Biscay tried most severely the unhappy landsmen; and glad enough were they when at last they were safely anchored in the beautiful harbour of Valetta, and knew that, at all events, their sea-going troubles were over for awhile. Our author excels in brief but animated descriptions. Here is the picture he gives us of

THE HARBOUR OF VALETTA.

Imagine a basin of water of intense blue, smooth as a polished sapphire, and then surround it on every side, except at a single small outlet, with masses of yellowish-white stone-work, glittering tier on tier. The solid rock-hewn battlement, its gigantic foot laved by the rippling waters, with its mural crown of antique turrets, and its masonry pierced and fretted with casemated battery, loop-holed watch-tower, and all the inventions and appliances of defensive warfare, varied by the recurring changes and necessities of four hundred years of mortal strife. Above, and clinging like the lowly parasites of the gigantic mora tree of the South American forest, rose light and graceful forms of varied architecture. Palaces, arcades,

* Stomach-rubbing, from the peculiar up-and-down movement of her hands over the pit of the stomach in expressing her thanks.

with tropic plants waving among their graceful arches, strange shaped, yet not inelegant structures, whose object none could guess. The dome of a noble temple—the tapering spire of an English church—a Grecian palace, destined to receive that Emperor of all Emperors, Napoleon, during his brief hour of sway over this key of the Mediterranean. Uncouth barges, gay with gaudy paint, plied unceasingly to and fro. On our right lay the long black hull of a merchant steamer, her deck crowded by the swarthy figures of a detachment of French invalids, returning to *La belle France* with their wounds and their glory. The spirit-stirring strains of a regimental band echoed along the winding road, as the gallant Buffs, just landed from the transport "Emu," disappeared beneath the entrance-gate, soon to re-embark, and be hotly engaged in the Crimean struggle.

A merry time indeed, from what our author tells us, must he and his comrades of "the Royal Blanks" have spent at Malta; and we can well imagine their regret when they were compelled to bid adieu to their hospitable entertainers and shape their course for their final destination, the Queen of "The Isles of Greece."

Corfu was reached without any misadventure, the regiment of "the Royal Blanks" safely disembarked and housed in barracks, and their "foreign service" fairly entered on.

The time of year at which they landed was a fortunate one for our author and his friends, inasmuch as it afforded them the opportunity of seeing some of the most remarkable religious ceremonies of the Greek Church. These are all admirably described, particularly the procession on Palm Sunday, the "blessing of the olive trees," by the patron Saint of Corfu, St. Spiridion, and the midnight service of the 5th of April.

Besides drills, reviews, inspections, and all kinds of military exercises, which seem to have elicited the unqualified approbation of the authorities, "the Royal Blanks" had the duty assigned to them of mounting guard over the new prison at Corfu, which is unfortunately but too much needed, and the external as well as internal economy of which we shall take leave in this place to epitomise.

The prison is large, and built on the radiating principle, the governor's apartments being placed in the centre. The yards are divided from each other by ranges of double cells, each cell containing a mat and mattress for sleeping, tin utensils for eating, and a wooden stool. Working rooms are attached to every yard, and the prisoners carry on a brisk trade as carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers. At this time there were in the prison upwards of fifty men condemned to imprisonment for life, and of these no less than thirty-three were murderers, one of whom was actually guilty of no less than seventeen acts of homicide. The punishment of death for murder is still a part of the law of these islands; but so great is the repugnance of the native population to the judicial extinction of life, that it has in fact become a dead letter. All the prisoners are compelled to attend to their religious duties, and almost every cell contains the picture of some saint, or some devotional emblem, often the work of the convict's own hands. There is also a school, in which all the unlettered prisoners are daily instructed. No females are to be found in this prison. Not that the fair sex are altogether spotless, but their peculiar position in a country where Oriental customs prevail restricts their sphere of action alike in good and evil. There is a place of seclusion, however, for the erring daughters of Eve within the walls of the town, where an excellent and charitable body of nuns do their best to comfort and reclaim them.

Greek life in Corfu, with all its lights and shadows, and in all its many phases, occupies several chapters in this portion of our author's entertaining volume; and we pass from murders to balls, from robberies to dinner-parties, and from petty larceny to pic-nics, with all the quick transition which seems to be their characteristics in the island.

Cephalonia was visited by our author in the spring of last year; and though it was as a matter of military duty in the first instance, it was accompanied with no small amount of pleasure, not so much from the place itself as from the kindly feeling and hospitality of its inhabitants. Ruin, decay, and the sad memory of departed glory, characterise the interesting but mournful island; and not all the kindness and unbounded hospitality which our author received could prevent him from feeling a sensation of relief on quitting its shores, or acknowledging the justice of the Italian motto, "Cephalonia, melancholia."

Zante afforded a very agreeable change, and during the temporary sojourn of "the Royal Blanks" in the large and airy barracks allotted to them in that island, great benefit was experienced from the fresh pure mountain air, notwithstanding the great heat of the weather compelled the men to remain strictly confined to their rooms till late in the afternoon.

Here the regiment remained during the residue of their term of foreign service, and most amusing are some of the sketches given us of Zantiote life and character. Altogether we have found *The Militiaman at Home and Abroad* a very lively entertaining companion, and as such we beg to recommend him to our readers. GLAUCUS.

A July Holiday in Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia. By WALTER WHITE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

Those who have already made the acquaintance of Mr. Walter White (and who has not accompanied the pleasant and observant Londoner in his "Walk to the Land's End," or "On Foot through the Tyrol"?) will not be sorry to meet with him again. There is a hearty liveliness, a simplicity and a genuine *bonhomie*, with a fund of strong sense at the bottom, which renders this gentleman one of the most amusing as well as the most instructive of travellers. In his "Walk to the Land's End," he proved that he possesses the gift of being able to invest even well-known scenes with a new colour; and it is not surprising therefore that when, as in the present instance, his steps are turned to unfrequented paths and countries little known, his notes possess unusual interest.

The volume before us contains the record of Mr. White's holidays in 1856. The first chapter finds him at Frankfort, with a determination to visit Bohemia.

"How happens it," I said to a bookseller in the *Zeil*, "that a map of Bohemia is not to be found in all Frankfort?" "How it happens?" he answered, with a knowing smile; "because no one ever goes to Bohemia."

Doubtless it was for this reason that Mr. White resolved to go to Bohemia, and accordingly, on the 3rd of July, he starts from Frankfort to Würzburg by railway; next day to Altenburg, and so to Zwickau. Here Mr. White found himself upon the *locale* of the *Prinzenraub*, that famous adventure of abducted princes which Mr. Carlyle introduced to the English public about two years ago. The brave Triller, who rescued the princes, had a piece of land given to him as a reward for his action; and Mr. White (who has a genius for hunting up such matters) turned out of his way to see what had become of that piece of land. He found it a brewery.

I addressed myself to the *Braumeister*—*Brewmaster*—who on hearing that one of England's foremost authors had published the story of the *Prinzenraub*, manifested a praiseworthy readiness to satisfy my curiosity. The estate had long been out of the hands of the Triller family, so long that he could not remember the time—perhaps fifty years. But the Trillers were not extinct; one was living at Freiberg, and two others elsewhere in Saxony. The place now belongs to a company, under whose management Triller beer has become famous in all the country round: and not undeservedly, as I from experience am prepared to affirm.

Through the hill-country of Saxony, for the most part on foot, Mr. White has many opportunities of seeing life among the Saxons. One day he meets with a true specimen of the surly German innkeeper, as he is described by Erasmus and painted by Sir Walter Scott, in the person of bluff John Mengs. Mr. White introduces him as—

A surly Wirth, dwelling under the sign of the *Weisse Lamm* (White Lamb), whom I begged to draw me a glass of beer cool from the cellar. Instead of complying, he filled the measure from a can which had been standing two or three hours on the dresser in all the suffocating heat of the stove, and placed it before me with a grunt. I ventured to remind him, with good-humoured words, that lukewarm beer was not acceptable to a thirsty wayfarer on a hot day, whereupon he retorted, snarling more like a wolf than a lamb, "Either drink that, or go and get other where the pepper grows" (*wo der Pfeffer wächst*). The old sinner availed himself of a form of speech much used among the Germans to denote a place of intensely high temperature, and sulphureous withal, in which pepper, being so very pungent a product, may be supposed to grow. "Suppose you go first," I answered, "and see if there be any left." And turning away, I shut the door upon the snarl while he snarled after me, and then on to Eybenstock,

where cool beer in plenty was forthcoming as soon as asked for.

This quite equals the *Quere aliud hospitium* of Erasmus's hero.

Carlsbad, with its healing waters, was the next point of interest in Mr. White's journey:

All the springs but two are on the left bank, a few yards from the water's edge. There is a little architectural display in the buildings by which they are covered; a domed roof, supported on columns, or a square temple-like structure, flanked by colonnades. The water flows into a cavity, more or less deeply sunk below the surface, surrounded by stone steps, on which sit the nimble lasses, priestesses of health, who every morning from six to ten are busily employed in dispensing the exhaustless medicine. A few vase-like cups stand ready for use; but numbers of the visitors there bring their own glass, carried as a bouquet in the hand, of tasteful Bohemian manufacture, striped with purple or ruby, and some of the purest white. All are made of the same size, to contain six ounces, and a few have a species of dial attached, by which to keep count of the number of doses swallowed. The visitors, having their glasses filled at the fountain, walk up or down the colonnade, or along the paths of the pleasure-ground listening to music, or form little groups for a morning gossip, and sip and chat alternately till the glasses are emptied. The rule is to wait a quarter of an hour between each refilling, so that a patient condemned to a dozen glasses dissipates three hours in the watery task. The number imbibed depends on the complaint and constitution; in some instances four glasses are taken; in others, from twenty to forty. I tasted each spring as I came to it, and felt no inclination to repeat the experiment. The temperature of the *Theresienbrunn* is 134 deg., of the *Mühlbrunn* 138 deg., of the *Neubrunn* 144 deg., in itself a cause of dislike, especially in hot weather, and much more so when combined with a disagreeable bitter, and a flavour which I can only compare to a faint impression of the odour of a dissecting-room. No wonder some of the drinkers shudder as they swallow their volcanic physic!

At Buchau Mr. White met with an amusing adventure, through being mistaken for no less a person than the Earl of Clarendon. The blunder of an ignorant landlord, who could get no further in the passport than the names and titles of our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was the cause of this; and Mr. White, in spite of his disclaimer, was obliged to play the part of nobleman *malgré lui*, during the rest of his stay at Buchau. The best of the joke, however, was that he was not made to pay for his unsought honours:

I doubted not that when the landlord had a fair look at me by daylight, he would recall the title conferred amid the smoke and excitement of the evening before. But, no! he met me at the foot of the stair, with the same profound bow; hoped *Herr Baron* had slept well; and would *Herr Baron* take breakfast; all my remonstrances to the contrary notwithstanding. I drank my coffee with a suspicion that the sounding honours would have to be paid for; but I did the worthy man injustice, for, when summoned to receive payment, he brought his slate and piece of chalk, and, writing down the several items, made the sum total not quite a florin. Not often is a Baron created on such very reasonable terms.

By this time Mr. White is in Bohemia, and one fine morning he enters Prague.

Massive edifices, whereby your eye and steps are alike arrested. And on every side are narrow lanes and courts, some nothing but a steep stair, and these, winding in and out, increase the charm of the ornamental architecture, and produce wonderful bits of perspective. Such effects of light and shade, and glorious touches of colour! Then a church crowded with carvings; old women sitting on the steps, young women and matrons going in to the early mass, of which, as the doors swing to and fro, you hear the loud notes of the organ. Then a square, and tall obelisk, and arcaded houses; and turning a corner there rises the bridge-tower, strikingly picturesque. As my eye caught sight of its graceful roof and slender finials, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. Then through the narrow arch, and we are on the ancient bridge, looking down on the broad stream of the Moldau, flowing with noisy rush through the sixteen arches built 600 years ago; at houses, palaces, and churches rising one above another in the *Kleinseite*, through which we have just passed, and in the *Altstadt* on the opposite side; at the Mosaic pavement; at the gigantic statues which terminate every pier, noteworthy saints from the Bohemian calendar, chiefest among them St. John Nepomuk, who with his crescentic belt of five large ruby stars might be taken for another Orion. In no city that I have yet seen have I felt so much pleasure, or such varied emotions, as during my walk into Prague.

Three days Mr. White spent in Prague, and then by train to Lobositz, and onwards to the mountains. A short sojourn in the household of a hospitable Bohemian family enabled him to get some insight into the mysteries of the beautiful

art of polishing and engraving glass, which is so successfully practised in that country.

We went into one of the houses. There sat a family grinding and polishing glass, alternating field work by a day at the treadles. The operations were not new to me, but there was a novelty to see them carried on in such a homely way; to see elegant vases, dishes, goblets, and jugs—fit ornaments for a palace—in the hands of rustics, or lying about on a rough pine shelf. The father—a tall, pale-faced man, with a somewhat care-worn expression—stopped the noise of the wheels as soon as he heard of a visitor from London, and talked about that which he understood best—his business. Full thirty years had he sat at the bench, training up his children to the work one after another, but had not realised all the benefits he once hoped for. The brittle ware came to him in boxes from Prague, forty-five miles, and, when polished, was sent back in the same way; he having to bear the loss of whatever was broken while in his hands. "Look here," he said, showing me a large handsome jug; "my daughter spent a whole month over that jug, and then, as you see, broke the handle off; so I must keep it, and lose fifteen florins." To him it was useless; he could only place it apart with other crippled specimens—memorials of misfortune. "Ah! if glass would not break, then he would not be poor. However," he added, "we always get bread, God be thanked!—and our bit of land helps." Cutters and polishers earn about four florins a week.

The work of engraving upon glass is even more delicate.

On being told that I had come to see glass-engraving, the young man plied his wheel briskly, and, taking up a ruby tazza, in a few minutes there stood a deer with branching antlers on a rough hillock in its centre—a pure white intaglio set in the red. I had never before seen the process, and was surprised by its simplicity. All these landscapes, hunting-scenes, pastoral groups, and whatever else which appear as exquisite carvings in the glass, are produced by a few tiny copper wheels or disks. The engraver sits at a small lathe against a window, with a little rack before him, containing about a score of the copper disks, varying in size from the diameter of a half-penny down to its thickness, all mounted on spindles, and sharpened on the edge. He paints a rough outline of the design on the surface of the glass, and, selecting the disk that suits best, he touches the edge with a drop of oil, inserts it in the mandril, sets it spinning, and, holding the glass against it firm below, the little wheel eats its way in with astonishing rapidity. The glass, held lightly in the hands, is shifted about continually, till all the greater parts of the figure are worked out; then, for the lesser parts, a smaller disk is used; and at last the finest touches, such as blades of grass, the tips of antlers, eyebrows, and so forth, are put in with the smallest. Every minute he holds the glass up between his eye and the light, watching the development of the design; now making a broad excavation, now changing the disk every ten seconds, and giving touches so slight and rapid that the unpractised eye can scarcely follow them; and in this way he produces effects of foreshortening, of roundness, of light and shade, which, to an eye-witness, appear little less than wonderful.

The reader will by this time understand that Mr. White's present production is not inferior to either of his former books of travel, which is certainly no light praise. One little objection, however, we have to take against our tourist—and that is, when he sets himself up as a representative of public opinion in this country. We imagine that there are not many Englishmen who would be well pleased to have their opinions identified with that of Mr. White in the following brief dialogue, which took place at Fischbach, a castle belonging to Prince William of Prussia:—

"A snug little place," said the Dresdener, as we walked from room to room. "Not quite what your Princess Royal has been used to, perhaps; but she will be able to pass summer holidays here agreeably enough." And quickly the question followed: "But what do you think of the marriage in England? is it very popular?" "Not very," I answered; "your Prussian prince would have stood no chance had the King of Sardinia been a Protestant. Nothing but her wholesome ingredient of Protestantism saves Prussia from becoming an offence to English nostrils." "*S-o-o-o-o-o!*" ejaculated the Dresdener, while he made pointed arches of his eyebrows; "that sounds pretty in the Prince's own castle."

For the economy with which Mr. White performs his journeys, we may pronounce him, however, to be a lesson to all English travellers, our fellow-countrymen being usually prone to waste their money in a style which only provokes the derision of Continentals. After all this journeying through Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia, what think you was the sum total of Mr. White's expenditure? Fourteen pounds; and three pounds more brought him by sea from Hamburg home to London.

Lands of the Slave and the Free; or, Cuba, the United States and Canada. By Capt. the Hon. H. A. MURRAY. London: Routledge.

A NEW edition of a work which was extremely well received on its appearance about two years ago, in a cheap, but not a less elegant form, for its typography is beautiful, and it is embellished with numerous engravings. To all who did not read it in its original shape this edition will be very welcome. It is one of the most lively and truthful pictures we possess of the great Continent of the West.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Quinland: or, Varieties in American Life. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

The Artist's Family: a Novel. By the Author of "Saville House." 2 vols. London: Newby.

Emmeline Latimer: a Novel. 3 vols. By SARAH SYMONDS. London: Newby.

Labour and Love: a Story. By the Author of "Blenham." Freeman.

Farina: a Legend of Cologne. By GEORGE MEREDITH. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE fortunes of Mr. Thomas Quinland, and the group that gather round him, are narrated for the purpose of exhibiting men and manners in America; and, made up, as is society there, of the people of so many countries, the novelist has less difficulty to produce striking varieties of character than when attempting to depict the social circles of Europe, where individual peculiarities are insensibly moulded to a uniform conventional model, and the traits of difference are so delicate that a masterly hand is required to depict them. In *Quinland* we have an emigrant Frenchman, possessed with a mania for writing a universal biography, and who is rather a caricature than a character; a money-getting Scotchman, rather unscrupulous how he gets it; an English nobleman, not at all like a real nobleman, but a clever sketch of the conventional "my lord" of the circulating libraries; a strong-minded woman, to whom this nobleman makes love, and offers marriage, and is summarily rejected, to prove the strength of her mind and her freedom from the supposed tenderesses of her sex; and, lastly, there is an Indian chief, a copper-coloured Chesterfield, who is purely imaginary, we should think. The author wants the power to put life into his creations. All these oddities play their parts before us, but not like flesh and blood; we cannot help feeling that they are mere puppets, so they touch no sympathies. But, probably, the author's purpose was rather to depict some phases of American life than to produce a fiction which should claim to be a work of art. If such was his design, he has only succeeded partially. Most of it has been presented before by travellers or tale-tellers. There is too manifest an attempt to crowd the canvass with figures, to indulge in "the funny" style, and occasionally to be more ambitious, and then the writing becomes turgid and strained. Against these faults are to be set some careful drawing of scenes in a settlement, evidently from the life, and some minor personages, more life-like, because less pains have been taken with them; they have not been smothered by too much said about them.

If *Quinland* had not much merit we should not have given to it so much attention. It is an ambitious book, and must be measured by its own aims. It falls short of these; but even then it is above the average of our own domestic novels.

The Artist's Family is a touching story, unaffectedly written, probably suggested by facts within the knowledge or experience of the author. There is no stirring incident, no romance, in the young-lady meaning of that word, and nothing very improbable; yet it sustains the interest of a reader who loves to linger over the developments of a simple story, and to follow the fortunes of commonplace people through a commonplace path to a commonplace dénouement. For seaside reading it will be acceptable, as it will wile away those stupid morning hours upon the beach. It will at least be more exciting than throwing pebbles into the waves.

Emmeline Latimer is an old friend with a new face; the incidents have been the staple of we know not how many novels. A forged will dis-inherits Emmeline and her brother; and a cousin, the villain of the tale, plotting the possession of her hand, as a means of securing part of the fortune which he knows was really hers, tries to

lure the brother to play, and to bring him so near to ruin that Emmeline's gratitude for saving Sir Arthur might be shown by accepting him for a husband. In the end, villainy is unmasked, the right prevails, and the disinherited are restored to their fortunes. We have read worse novels than this, and we should not be surprised if it were to become popular at the libraries, for it is well written.

Labour and Love is remarkable for the excellence of the writing and the scantiness of the story. The author appears as if he had got up a number of scenes with admirable descriptions, and very dramatic dialogues, and then, as a kind of afterthought, invented a mere thread of a story wherewith to link them together. It is designed to illustrate the pleasure and profitability, as well as the duty, of labour—that it is honourable, conducing to health of mind and body, the source of all independence; and this is illustrated by exhibiting both the evil consequences of idleness and the good results of industry. It has an excellent moral; for that, if for nothing else, it should be placed in the hands of the young.

Farina is by the author of "The Shaving of Shagpat," a comical allegory published about twelve months ago, and which obtained a good deal of popularity. The success of it probably prompted him to produce another facetious story, laying the scene of this one at Cologne in the middle ages—the lives of Farina and Margarita Gottlieb, the daughter of a wealthy citizen, forming the groundwork of a plot which enables Mr. Meredith to introduce the citizens of the times and the Rhine robbers, and an English traveller, one Guy Goshawk, and to depict them truthfully enough perhaps, but with an exaggeration of their oddities such as George Cruikshank would have produced them with his pencil—like, yet unlike. The author has a taste for the grotesque, and is skilful in the drawing of it, so as to avoid the danger of falling into the absurd, which is just one step beyond it. *Farina* is an improvement upon the former work, and cannot fail to amuse the most sober-minded reader.

The author of "Verdant Green," encouraged by the popularity which attended that fortunate book, has adventured upon another fiction, entitled *Nearer and Dearer, a Tale of School Life*, containing deal of well-deserved satire on "establishments." He has sustained in this the humour that was the charm of his first tale, and the fun of the text is exhibited to the eye in some clever woodcuts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Light in the Valley: My Experiences of Spiritualism.
By Mrs. NEWTON CROSLAND. London: Routledge.

We have read this book with profoundest pain. We cannot join the shout of ridicule with which it is received, because of the manifest sincerity of the writer; and an honest conviction is always entitled to respect. Nor can we impute it, as they do who will not laugh at it, to madness; there is too much method in it to admit of that solution. Whence, then, does it proceed?—for it certainly is not the utterance of the sober senses. Being neither an imposture nor a delirium, what is it?

It is an hallucination, meaning by this term an imposition of the imagination upon the other faculties. Mrs. Crosland and her coadjutors have no doubt received in their own minds the impressions both of forms and sounds which they tell us of in these pages; but these shapes and sounds are self-engendered; they are produced within their own brains; they are the offspring of an excited imagination; and the images so produced are by the minds in which they are born attributed to impressions from objects existing without. Hence the implicit faith with which they are received, and the incapacity or unwillingness of the reasoning faculties to exercise their proper function of testing the truth and reality of the conclusions which, when the mind feels an impression, it almost instinctively draws that the image so seen is produced by some external objects, and that the impression was conveyed through the external senses.

This is, perhaps, the philosophical, or, if the term be preferred, the physiological explanation of the honest conviction entertained by Mrs. Crosland, that the astounding nonsense printed in

these pages was really the utterance of disembodied spirits. Nevertheless, that such things can be believed by hundreds and thousands of persons who profess to have seen and heard them, when imposture was out of the question, is a mental phenomenon which demands the study of physiologists and philosophers; and therefore it is that, instead of treating it with ridicule or abuse, we have preferred to accept it as a fact that deserves the careful study of the anatomists of the mind; and to help that discussion we have suggested the explanation of it which has occurred to us in the course of our own reflections upon a very grave theme.

Just as we opened Mrs. Crosland's book, we had been reading the excellent reminiscences of witchcraft which have been lately collected in *Household Words*, and we were instantly struck by the remarkable similarity between the delusions of the pretended witches of the middle ages and the hallucinations of which this volume is a revelation. The "medium" in both professes to have seen and conversed with spirits, narrates their conversations, describes their forms, and speaks of them by names either quaint or familiar. Between the confessions of the witches and the revelations of the spirit-rappers, as here described, there is only the difference that might be expected from difference of education and change of times, manners, and modes of thought. But, stripped of the form, the substance of the impressions of both is equally absurd, irrational, and nonsensical. The witches talked of their familiars, Malkin, Black Tom, Jenny, and Margaret. Mrs. Crosland is equally at home with the spirits named by her—"Confidence," "Expansion," and "Comfort." There is no doubt that some at least of the witches believed what they asserted; and they were believed by audiences who did not exercise their reason about it, or, more probably, who were ignorant of the fact, now universally admitted, that ideas self-created can present themselves to minds in a certain state as vividly as realities. Because the witches said that they had seen and done such things, they were believed and burned. Had they appeared now, instead of burning them, we should have sent them to an asylum, treated them with alteratives, and so restored their minds to that balanced state of the faculties in which one is enabled to correct the errors of the other, and the reason discriminates between the image that is self-produced and the image that is conveyed through the senses.

If Mrs. Crosland could emancipate herself for a few minutes from the sway of an excited imagination, she would recognise the inherent absurdity and therefore unreality, of her visions and communications with the spirit world. She would ask herself if spirits, who are presumed to be in a more exalted condition than ourselves, would be likely to give utterance to such puerilities as she has here put into their mouths? If they converse at all with flesh and blood, would it not be to reveal important truths? Could they not tell us who was the murderer of Mr. Little? what has become of Sir John Franklin? what is doing at this moment in India? Nay, would it not be an admirable means of ascertaining if any friend there is alive or dead, to summon his spirit, and if it does not come, to draw the presumption that it still inhabits the body it was placed in at its birth. We have read through this volume, in hope to find something new and useful revealed by the spirits. But there is nothing of the sort. It is a strange cant, very much what may be heard from a tailor who has turned preacher, and who misapplies words and texts simply because he is ignorant of their true meaning. Take, for instance,

THE MYSTERY OF HAIR.

"I should not have been able to communicate with you through the writing, as I did once or twice, if it had not been that you possess the medium's hair, which attracts the spirit atmosphere towards it. Hair is one of the most powerful attractions which mediums have. Spirits feel attracted to them, because their hair drinks some of the spirit atmosphere. No spirit can come in contact with them without their imbibing through the hair some of the spirit atmosphere. Essence would be a better word than atmosphere. There is a mystery in the hair and the beard which I shall try to explain in time." Now he is showing me a vision of the mystery of hair by means of his wife. She appears as she was on earth. She is not beautiful, that is to say, her features are not regular, but she has a beautiful expression. She is standing, and as she stands her hair reaches nearly to her knees. She seems to have let it down purposely to show its

length. It has a very beautiful atmosphere, and through that atmosphere I can see three guardian angels who act through the radiations of the hair. They belong to her. Superadded to them are many more spirits—I can count forty-five. He now says, "That is the reason why woman has more influence than man. It is a more subtle influence than that of man, for man's is a more material power. For this reason a woman has power on her head because of the angels (1 Cor. xi. 10). With the outer atmospheric influence you are already acquainted; the inner you have in the tableau of my wife; the innermost you will ultimately see, but not at present, for it is more subtle than your imagination could conceive." Now he is showing the hair of ——— and ———. His is the medium's hair, and therefore its atmosphere radiates very far. ———'s hair radiates still farther, and its influence is very impalpable. That of ——— is weaker than either, but will become stronger. He says: "The atmosphere which you see being only the inner, you will see that it is in a great measure dependent on the health of the hair, and its fast or slow growing propensity. Dark and red hairs attract analogous spirits. The souls of individuals are analogous, and so attract spirits in accordance with their interior condition. Black and red alike contain iron in great abundance, and the outer is always stronger in people of that nature." "I was about to mention Samson and Absalom." He is now showing a vision of Samson as he appeared when on earth. He appears as a young man not much taller than ———, perhaps five feet ten inches, although he hardly looks so tall, because he is so beautifully proportioned. His limbs look rather rounded than powerful; he stands in a very peculiar sloping attitude, as if he could not stand upright. Now he has changed his attitude, but it is still sloping. His hair is rather light in colour, and falls below his shoulders. His nose is aquiline, but not at all Jewish; neither are his lips, which are well cut. His forehead is peculiarly square, his eyes are very light brown, his complexion is fair, but appears sunburnt. There he stands. Now Vastness is showing radiations of light from Samson's hair, which attract hundreds of spirits who are ranged round him, and successively above each other until they almost resemble a column. All the spirits are remarkable for their hair. The hair atmosphere of each enters the other, and three spirits, who stand close by him and touch him with their hands, conduct the whole essence from them into Samson for any given object. Now Absalom is shown. He is very handsome and princely-looking. Vastness says, "It was through this attractive power. But at last he used it for evil. He felt his power and became ambitious, and therefore the gift that might have been a salvation, both on earth and in heaven, became the instrument of destruction to him. Even in this material world, it cannot but be acknowledged that women have great influence and controlling power, which may always be accounted for by their spiritual attraction and sustenance."

Now, what arrant nonsense this is. Why should spirits come to tell us such useless absurdities? Mrs. Crosland puts a pertinent question, and answers it gravely thus:

A novice in spiritualism will very naturally inquire the manner in which the foregoing vision was presented to the seeress. I answer, through an oval crystal about the size and shape of a hen's egg. Accustomed though the world is to laugh at crystal-seeing, as an old superstition revived for purposes of modern jugglery, the world has before it the task, sooner or later to be accomplished, of restraining its laugh, and accepting crystal-seeing as a fact. True, the faculty is limited to a certain class of mediums; and the fact of these favoured individuals being in all ages a small minority seems to have served as a reason that, by the large mass of mankind, their existence has been altogether denied.

Mrs. Crosland presents *fac similes* of divers drawings made by mediums under the direction, as she and they assert, of the spirits. One of them contains a specimen of spirit-writing, which is simply not writing at all, but a maze of unmeaning scratches, such as a person would make when half-asleep or almost drunk, or as we remember once to have seen scribbled by a lunatic, who protested that it was perfectly legible, and professed to read it aloud. Of this scrawl the following, according to Mrs. Crosland, is the translation. The spirits would seem to be sadly given to rigmorole.

The God-power in creation is represented by a wheel ever revolving and evolving. God is the Creator and Sustainer, the Mover and the Fixer, the Transmuter and the Elevator, because in His nature is contained the perfection of all essences, beings, and things, that have been or are to be. All His works form circles and cycles. For the last seventy years the scientific segment of the wheel has been presented to this earth; hence an accumulation, in the treasure-house of science, of dead and material facts, which are now at the present moment in a state analogous to that of the dry bones in the valley of Jehoshaphat in the vision of Ezekiel—an exceeding multitude, but very dead. Now the wheel of God's being is revolving so

that the spiritualising, which is the vivifying power, will pass over this same section of His outer creation, giving life, which is spirit, giving poetry, which is mind, to this inert and before immovable mass. Vivified and poetized, these facts of science will become popular; they will expand, and, instead of being material, they will become the bodies of great mental and spiritual ideas. By the outer images thus accumulated by the outer mind, God will dower His mental and His spiritual poets and messengers. From these facts they will derive images of the true God-nature, which will no longer appertain to the outer, but will become the vehicles of interior or God-thoughts to the most outer of mind; for God is now showering His mental baptism upon science and the scientific mind. It will take about thirty years to perfect this mental baptism, and then the spiritual life and light will come in their fullness and their brightness. Science being the body, mentalised science the representative of the dual nature of God, after the lapse of thirty years His spirit will be potent to triunise the whole to Himself.

We will not pursue this painful theme further. We have approached it with serious feelings. We have read this volume with a sincere desire to find in it some evidence which a reasonable man could accept, that not only is there more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy, but that Mrs. Crosland has found it out. We must say that the volume does not contain a single proof which could be accepted by any persons for the most ordinary purpose of life, much less sufficient proof to claim acceptance for anything preternatural. That the hallucination has spread far and wide will not astonish those who are acquainted with the history of popular delusions. They are, undoubtedly, infectious; and when the mind is once infected, reason loses its hold, the imagination rules without check, and the patients are impervious to tangible remedies, because they do hear, and see, and feel as they assert; the only difference between them and the healthy mind being, that the images in the diseased mind are produced there, and by a law of our being, are attributed to external objects, while the healthy correct the false impressions of the brain by the exercise of the reason, which shows them, by putting many proofs together, that the impressions they perceive are not brought in from without, but are formed within and then projected without—precisely as a man who has lost his leg feels a pain in his toes, the pain being a sensation within the

brain referred to something without, and the unreality of which he only learns by the exercise of his reason aided by his eye and his memory.

Questions of the Day, No. 1, by Captain Tyler (Ridgway), treats of some subjects of present interest, as the Indian Opium Revenue, the Chinese War, and the Treaty to be concluded with China. Captain Tyler objects to the opium trade; and it is indefensible morally; but then, is not our existence in the East unjustifiable morally? Our defence is, that we are there, and must keep there.

Life's Problems: Essays, Moral, Social, and Psychological. (Bell and Daldy.)—Seventeen sensible essays on familiar topics, which men have talked about and written about from the earliest times, and yet upon which they can come to no agreement. For instance, Truth and Error, Love, Sexual Differences in Mental Development, Law and Justice, Liberty and its Fruits, Limits of Government, Charity, Insanity, and the Influence of Religious Sentiment on Conduct, are all themes that philosophers have debated, and yet are now as far from agreement upon them as ever. The author of this volume has written about each of them very sensibly, but with no marked originality of thought. In fact, he began wrongly. He started with a design to prove certain foregone conclusions, not to find what is true.

Gaieties and Gravities for Holy Days and Holidays. By Charles Hancock. (Saunders and Otley.)—A ponderous volume, containing, it would seem, all the prose and poetry the author has ever scribbled, bad and good, sense and nonsense, reason and folly, mingled together in most admired disorder. No street ballad-singer ever held such a miscellaneous assemblage; and it must be confessed that many of them would do discredit to the streets, such perfect rigmorole they are. Others have merit, but not enough to justify their being put into type. If Mr. Hancock had consulted his fame, he would have kept the manuscripts for his own amusement, not sent them to the printer; or he should have placed them in the hands of a friend, to separate the bad from the good, the worthless from the worthy.

Epitaphs from the Greek Anthology. Translated by Major R. G. Macgregor. (Nissen and Co.)—More than 700 epitaphs, or passages adapted for

epitaphs, translated from the Greek poets. The selection has been made with taste, and the translations are creditable to the classical as well as to the rhythmical ability of the author. Here will be found the germs of some of our most famous modern epitaphs. It will be a fit companion to Mr. Pettigrew's collection of English epitaphs, noticed in our last number.

Availing himself of the interest so painfully kindled by the events passing in our Indian Empire, Mr. Bentley has published, in a cheap form, a new edition of Mrs. C. Mackenzie's *Six Years in India*, which contains the most ample account we possess of Delhi and the various tribes of Hindostan.

Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush*, an admirable account of life in Canada, has also been reproduced by the same publisher in a form that will permit of its being bought and read by "the million," as the phrase is.

Mr. J. Holdsworth has published a volume on *The Geology, Minerals, Mines, and Trade of Ireland* (Houlston and Wright), with reference to the improvement of the country, which he not only desires to advance, but, like a practical man, he shows what must be done to procure such advancement. It is a cheap and complete catalogue of the sources of wealth which are to be found in Ireland by all who choose to seek them.

A Key to the Adulteration of our Daily Food, by Wm. Dalton (Marlborough).—A brief but careful compilation from the evidence given before the House of Commons, showing how our food is adulterated. It is very cheap; but it will have the effect, perhaps, of making the reader afraid to eat anything he buys except meat and vegetables.

The Elements of Human Happiness, by Wm. Wainwright (Skeffington)—were, we are told in the preface, put together for the sole purpose of being written in a young lady's album. We may ask, therefore, why they were ever diverted from so appropriate a purpose.

The History of the Town and Parish of Tetbury By the Rev. Alfred T. Lee (London: J. and J. Parker).—A valuable contribution to topographical history, in which our literature is so wealthy. It contains some curious extracts from the parish registers, and, of course, the pedigrees of all the aristocracy connected with the town. To the natives it will be very welcome.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

An antiquary might write an interesting book taking "Ancient Hostelries" for his theme, especially as these places for the "entertainment of men and horses" are fast giving way to the more presumptuous railway hotel and tavern. The country inn, the village tavern, the roadside ale-house of former days, might all be made use of to illustrate the manners, the customs, the social and moral condition, of the generations of the past. All who are older than Stephenson's first locomotive must recollect with what delight the roadside inn was hailed, whether he walked on foot or approached it on the top of the fleet-wheeled "Telegraph" or "Tally-ho!" It was a place to "bait at noon," to regale the tired nag, or to find a shelter for the night. All might have been found barren between the Dan and Beersheba of a dusty turnpike; but beyond, the traveller was sure to find a Goshen in the "Bull," the "Lion," the "Eagle," or other four-footed or winged creature. The inn was regarded as a home away from home. The traveller, as a rule, expected to be welcomed by a civil Boniface, to be smiled upon by a buxom hostess, to encounter a rosy chamber-maid, to be attended to by a nimble waiter, to receive the attentions of the ubiquitous "boots," to sit down to a clean table, and to partake of a wholesome meal. Then, if so disposed, he might share an evening potion with mine host, talk of the weather, turnips, and fat cattle, or elicit the last scandal of the village. Then to bed, between snow-white sheets, smelling of daisies or hedge-blossoms, to sleep and dream until awakened betimes by the pleasant crowing of cocks and the cacklings of poultry. Exceptions there were, of course; but these exceptions frequently arose

from the exceptional state of the purse. There were to be found then the crusty hostess, the slatternly maid, the loitering ostler, the dirty parlour, the lumbering bedroom, the bottomless chair, and paralytic table. The wight had woe who was doomed to pass twelve hours in such an hostelry, to have his privacy invaded by greasy carters, lean dogs, half-starved chickens, or the squalling offspring of "Mother Shipton;" his only distraction the tattered Gazetteer, or the County Chronicle of four weeks' age.

It is respecting the inns or hostelries of the middle ages that we should desire information of the antiquary, to ascertain what progress has been made in different countries in civility, in material comforts, and the various items that enter into the idea of civilisation. We have been led into this train of thought through the perusal of an article by Dr. Cramer, on the "Inns of France and Germany at the beginning of the fifteenth century." The Doctor derives most of his information from the writings of the celebrated Erasmus. Writing to his friend Beatus Rhenanus, in 1518, he describes his entertainment in a German hostelry. Thus he commences:

Listen, dear Beatus, to the whole tragi-comedy of my journey. You are aware that I left Basle sick and weary. The voyage by ship was not disagreeable, bating that towards noon the heat was somewhat unbearable. At Breisach we dined, but more disagreeably than ever. We were almost killed by thirst, and afterwards by the gnats, which were more intolerable than the thirst. For more than half an hour we sat idly, until the people of the house had prepared dinner. At last we were served, but not in the most agreeable manner: dirty soup, dumplings, fish warmed up more than once—truly disgusting. Towards nightfall we reached a cold village, the name of which

I do not know; but if I knew it I would name it. There I was almost undone. In a heated, not over large room, I believe about sixty of us sat down to eat, a mixed congregation of people, and about ten o'clock. O, what stinks, what hubbub, especially when the men were heated with wine. And yet one is obliged to wait their time. Shortly after midnight we were called by the skipper. I went on board without having eaten or slept.

The cold village is supposed to have been Friesenheim, on the Rhine, between Basle and Strasburg. One can feel for the poor philosopher over his sad dinner. He was rather a dainty dog, and held fish in great abhorrence. He says: "My health was always delicate, and I often suffered from fever, especially on days of fasting, when the smell of fish always overcame me." He was fond of a delicate dish—of a dish "worthy the jaws of a philosopher," as he says in a letter to his friend Fevinus. It was in the same year he made the journey alluded to, that he published his amusing work, now almost forgotten, and known only to bookworms, "Colloquia familiaria." In the conversation, entitled "Diversoria," he introduces two speakers, Bertulph and Wilhelm, who relate their experience of French and German hostelries. There can be no doubt that Erasmus, through Bertulph, describes accurately his own reception at the "cold village." The dialogue is highly interesting, but too long to exhibit as a whole. We limit ourselves to a few of the more salient points. Bertulph begins by stating his surprise that people on a journey should stay two or three days in Lyons. For his own part, when he sets out on a journey, he has no desire to rest until he reaches his destination. Wilhelm, on the other hand, wonders how any one can ever leave Lyons; and, being asked why, makes answer, "Because there is a place like that which

the companions of Ulysses found. There are Sirens. Nobody is better treated at home than in the hostelry." Without noticing Bertulph's interlocutories, we allow Wilhelm to run on:

By the table a woman-person is always standing, who keeps the company alive with merry jokes and repartees. And there the women are of very handsome figure. First came the hostess, who greeted us and the rest of the company, in a merry pleasant way, and asked us what we should be pleased to take. Then followed her daughter, so polite in her manners and conversation that she would have warmed the heart of a Cato. And she did not speak as unto unknown guests, but as if we had all been friends and acquaintances. But as she could not always be there, as she had household duties to attend to, another damsel stood by us, who laughed and chatted, and was prepared for every jest: in all this she had the best of us. She kept up the conversation until the daughter returned, for the mother was too old. As to the entertainment, it was excellent, so that I wonder how they could charge the guests so moderately. After dinner the conversation was renewed in an agreeable manner, so that we did not feel wearied. I thought that I was rather at home than among strangers. At the bedroom there was never wanting a damsel, who laughed, chatted, and made merry. Without being questioned, they asked us whether we had any dirty linen to wash; and they washed our clothes and gave us them clean back. In short, we saw none but women or damsels, except in the stables, although they are sometimes to be found there too. On taking leave, they embraced us with as much affection as if we had been brothers or relations.

Bertulph here objects, that such manners may be all very well for the French, but for his part he prefers the manners of the Germans, as being more manly; and then he proceeds to give his friend an account of a German hostelry, assuring him that the manners in that country are pretty nearly the same everywhere. It is here where the satire of Erasmus is visible. "When ye arrive at an inn there," says Bertulph, "no one greets you."

They do not appear as if they cared for a guest; that would appear mean and unbecoming, and unworthy of German earnestness. When you have knocked for some time a head is at last thrust out of the stove-room window (Erasmus calls this room the *hypocaustum, vapourarium*), just like a tortoise thrusting out its head from beneath its shell. Then you must ask if you can enter. If the head does not shake "No," permission is given you. To the question, where the stable is, he points the direction with his hand. You must curry your horse yourself, for there is no servant at hand. If the hostelry is well frequented, a servant will show you a stall none of the cleanest. If you are not pleased, and chance to grumble, you will everywhere receive the same answer: "If you are not satisfied go to another hostelry." Hay they offer you in towns very unwillingly and very sparingly; and sell it not a bit cheaper than oats themselves. When you have cared for your horse, go, just as you are, into the heated room, pack, boots, and mud; that one room is for all in common.

Wilhelm informs his friend that in France there are bedrooms where a person can wash, warm, and rest himself. Bertulph replies:

There is nothing of the kind here. In the stove-room you pull off your boots, draw on your shoes, change if you will your upper coat, hang your wet clothes near the fire, seat yourself by it, and dry yourself. If you want water to wash your hands, it is mostly so clean that you require other water to wash out the stains it leaves. If you arrive at four hours after mid-day, you can have nothing to eat before nine or ten. Nothing is prepared until all the guests have arrived; then one trouble does for all. Into the same room come often eighty to ninety foot travellers, grooms, merchant-people, skippers, peasants, lads, women, the sound and the sick. Then one combs his hair, another wipes the perspiration off his face, another cleans his boots or gaiters, others smell of garlic. In short, there is as much hubbub, and as great a confusion of tongues, as was at the Tower of Babel.

We pass over a portion of the dialogue, which gives a very unfavourable picture of German manners at the beginning of the sixteenth century, to arrive at the dinner-table. Until all the guests expected have arrived no preparations are made for a meal, and to ask meanwhile for ought to eat is considered a high crime and misdemeanor:

At last an old servant enters the room, grey-bearded, bald-headed, repulsive of features, and very dirty. He casts his eyes about, and counts the number in the room; the more he sees, the more the hearth is heated. If you open a pane to admit the fresh air, not to be stifled, one calls out: "Shut it!" If you answer that you cannot bear it, you immediately hear: "Then seek another hostelry." . . . After a time comes the bearded Ganymede again, covers as

many tables as the number of guests amounts to; but, by the immortal gods, not with Milesian covers. One would take them for dirty canvasses taken down from a yard-arm. He has one for each table. It is the custom for every one to seat himself where he pleases—no difference being made between rich and poor, master and servant.

Wilhelm here observes: "That is good old equality, which tyranny has banished from society. So, I think, Christ used to sit down with his disciples."

After all are seated at table, the grim Ganymede comes and counts his company anew: shortly he returns, and places before each person a wooden platter, a spoon made of the same silver, then a glass beaker, and, a long time after, bread. Then every one takes his leisure, or amuses himself with nonsense while the soup is being cooked: he sits sometimes so a full hour. At last wine is brought forward, but, just gods! no *fumosum*. The Sophists ought to have drunk none other, so thin and sour it is. If a guest asks for a better sort by paying more for it, they pretend at first not to hear him, and would kill him with a look; if you press your request they answer, "Many a Count and Marquis has been here, and none ever grumbled at my wine; if you want better, go to another hostelry." Still they have a mouthful to throw to a hungry stomach. At last, with great pomp, comes the soup-tureen. The first, in general, overflows with mutton-soup, or beef-soup, or, if a fish-day, with pease-soup. Then there are other soups and broths, and flesh or fish, cooked over again. After this soups again, sometimes something more solid; then, when the stomach is nearly satisfied, they bring on roast meat or boiled fish, not quite to be despised, but take it away instantly they perceive any one eating sparingly. No one must leave the table until all have finished, which is sometimes a couple of hours. At length, the soups and solids discussed, comes the bearded Ganymede, or the host himself, as dirty and tattered as his servant, and asks if any one has a request. Soon somewhat better wine is brought. . . . But ere the meal is finished it is wonderful to hear what an uproar and clatter is made, when all begin to get warmed with wine. Whether one likes it or not, he must sit deep into the night. At last, when the cheese is taken away, which is not relished unless it smells strong and alive with maggots, the bearded one comes with a bowl on which he has marked certain circles and semicircles with chalk; this he places upon a table silently and morosely. One would take him for a Charon. Those who understand the cyphers place money in the bowl, one after the other, until it is full. After that he counts the money, and if he finds the sum correct he nods his head. If any one pays too much it is sometimes returned to him. No one disputes the score,—he is too wise for that. He would soon hear: "What sort of fellow are you? You have not paid more than other people." If any one is tired and sleepy, he must wait; all go to bed at the same time. The bed-room is a sad apartment. There are beds, but no blankets, and every one must cover himself up as he best can. The horse fares no better than the man. And as it is in one place so is it in nearly all.

Thus we have, no doubt, a truthful account of the French and German inn, in the sixteenth century; for Erasmus, with all his satire, was a truthful man, and hated no man more than a liar.

A new art-journal appeared in Florence in February last—*Revista di Firenze e Bulletino delle Arti del Disegno*—edited by Professor Vannucci. The time when Italy enlightened other nations on the subject of art is long past; still the nation can yet boast of many names eminent in art and eminent in the sciences. What that country might effect had she a free press and free institutions, it is impossible to say. With the exception of *Lo Archivio Storico*, *La Gazzetta Medica Toscana*, *Il Giornale Agrario Toscano*, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, *La Gazzetta Musicale*, and the *Revista Contemporanea*, and a few others of less esteem, Italy possesses no literary journal of any note.

Wigand, of Leipzig, publishes a *Frauen-Bibliothek* ("Ladies' Library"), but it displays a sad lack of literary power. The most pretending volume which has yet appeared in the series is entitled *Wahnsinn kein Scheidungs-grund* ("Insanity no Ground for Divorce"), and is evidently the production of a lady author. She says in her preface: "As the Roman longed after bread and amusements, so the German desires bread and domestic happiness;" and as a means to the latter an easier method of obtaining divorce is commended. A young physician is in love with a lady, whose husband suffers under incurable madness; she wishes to be separated from him, and to be married to her lover, and that as soon as possible, as the new marriage law rejects insanity as a ground of divorce. With this intent the matter was hurried on; but, to the misfortune of the enamoured physician, he was beloved by a

beautiful young lady, who put every obstacle in the way, to gain time and to thwart the parties, as the new law would come into force in the course of a month. By the aid of an assessor to the court, she succeeds. The lady dies of grief, and the young physician goes to America, to live in a land where no such cruel law exists, to bury the happiness of love. We cannot say much in favour of either the moral or the logic of this tale.

FRANCE.

Mémoires du duc de Raguse ("Marmont's Memoirs").

London: David Nutt. 1857.

WHEN Nares published his life of Lord Burleigh, Mr. Macaulay urged, and not without justice, that the term of human life was limited. To master such a biography required the centuries of Methuselah, and surpassed the powers of degenerate posterity. But the rebuke administered to Nares remains without effect. Biography has in our day become a chronicle of the most minute and trivial circumstances. Men, whose careers are only of secondary importance, record every incident of their lives with a detail, only fitted to events which shake the world. Day by day the infliction has become more serious, till at last we have an autobiography by Marmont, which extends to nine ponderous tomes, and which, in addition to the simple narration, is supported by countless letters and a mass of documentary evidence. Unquestionably the value of these volumes is great, notwithstanding the doubt which has been thrown upon various passages, and the recent decision of the French courts in favour of Prince Eugene Beauharnais. But that value would be considerably enhanced, if the matter had been compressed into half the space.

The ancestors of Marmont were originally from the Netherlands; but they had resided for the last three centuries in Burgundy. The family name was Viesse, and many members had honourably distinguished themselves in the military service. Marmont himself was born in 1774, at Châtillon-sur-Seine. The greatest attention was paid to his education. His father endeavoured to impress upon his mind that merit without success is better than success without merit; and that a strong and persistent will, accompanied by desert, is certain to win in the end. As Marmont was destined to the profession of arms, his physical education was carefully provided for. He took violent exercise, and hunted every day from two in the afternoon till evening. This system endowed him with an iron constitution, which was of no inconsiderable service in after years. For his mental education he studied mathematics and military science, but unfortunately neglected modern languages, a circumstance which he never ceased to regret. During his studies at Dijon, he first became acquainted with Bonaparte, at that time a lieutenant in La Fère's regiment of artillery, quartered at Auxonne. In 1792 he was examined at Châlons for admission to the artillery, by the celebrated Laplace; and he mentions that the imposing character of the ceremony and the importance of the result so confused him, that, when asked his name, he was unable to reply. Laplace, with great consideration and patience, reassured him, and the result was a creditable examination. At the age of seventeen he received his commission, and shortly after was appointed to the 1st regiment of Artillery. Next year we find him serving on the Piedmontese frontier, at Bourg-en-Bresse, Chambéry, and Grenoble; and at Malmort he distinguished himself by the construction of an entrenched camp for two battalions, which the enemy in vain attempted to capture.

But the South of France was meanwhile in revolt. Toulon was occupied by a mixed garrison of English, Spanish, Sardinian, and Neapolitan troops; and the army of Casteaux, with a division of the army of Italy, maintained the blockade. Marmont was ordered to the scene of action, and there he again met Bonaparte. He describes, graphically enough, the circumstance which first brought the latter into notice. Bonaparte, on his return from a mission at Arignon, visited the army before Toulon, in order to see his friend Salicetti.

The latter introduced him to Casteaux, who invited him to dinner, and promised him, for the evening's amusement, the spectacle of the conflagration of the British fleet. After dinner Casteaux and the representatives, heated by fumes of wine, and full of arrogance, marched pompously to the battery from which they expected this brilliant result. Bona-

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part, as a professional man, knew what to expect the moment he arrived; but, whatever idea he entertained of the General's folly, he was far from conceiving the lengths to which it would reach. The battery, consisting of two 24-pounders, was established 1600 yards from the sea, and the furnace for heating the shot had probably been taken from some kitchen. Bonaparte pointed out that the balls would not reach the sea, and that, in any case, there was no relation between the means and the end. Four rounds were sufficient to prove the absurdity of the preparations; and the spectators returned to Ollioules utterly crest-fallen, concluding that the best thing to do was to retain Bonaparte, and henceforward to rely upon him. From that moment nothing was done without his orders. Everything was subordinate to his influence.

The result is sufficiently known. Toulon was evacuated; and the republicans, on entering the town, at once erected the guillotine. The off-scouring of the gaols, under the name of patriots, denounced their personal enemies and their creditors as the enemies of the Republic; and 800 human beings were put to death without trial. Marmont mentions, to the credit of Bonaparte, that his influence was always exerted on the side of mercy and humanity.

As a reward for the capture of Toulon, Bonaparte was nominated general of brigade; and Marmont, with a keen appreciation of his own interests, at once attached himself to his successful friend. But it seemed that fortune was not so easily won. Bonaparte became the object of suspicion to the central Government. He was appointed to the Army of the West, as a first step towards enforced obscurity, and his name was subsequently erased from the artillery list. Reduced to compulsory inactivity, Bonaparte and Marmont, accompanied by Junot, "lived together in the Hôtel de la Liberté, rue des Fossés Montmartre, spending their time at the Palais Royal or in the theatres, with very little money, and no prospects for the future." Whether it was a real desire for service, as he himself alleges, or the desertion of an unsuccessful cause, Marmont contrived to obtain an appointment to the Army of the Rhine. He joined the French army before Mayence, where he gained some additional experience. But the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse, which had crossed the Rhine near Dusseldorf, and which by the blockade of Castel was destined to complete the investment, was compelled to retreat so precipitately by a combined movement of the enemy, that the siege was necessarily raised. Marmont returned to Paris. Meanwhile the 13th Vendémiaire had elevated Bonaparte to the position of Commander-in-Chief at home. Fortune was again favourable; and when, after a short period, Bonaparte was appointed to the command of the Army of Italy, Marmont accompanied him as aide-de-camp.

The operations of that army are too well known to need any lengthened description. Marmont was present at almost all the important engagements—at Montenotte, Dego, and Mondovi. After the entry into Milan, Bonaparte began to manifest the ambitious dreams which already occupied his mind. "Fortune," he said to Marmont, "has not smiled upon me, so has to make me disdain her favours. She is a woman, and the more she does for me, the more I will exact from her. In a few days we shall be upon the Adige, and all Italy at our feet. Then, perhaps, if my means are adequate to my plans, we may soon leave Italy to penetrate farther. No one, in our time, has conceived any grand project: it is for me to set the example." The realisation of his dreams was equal to the conception. In rapid succession followed the siege of Mantua; that memorable "campaign," when the siege works before that town were abandoned, and the Austrians in eight days driven beyond the Mincio, Arcola, Rivoli, and the surrender of Mantua. But it would be tedious to recount the many victories which shed lustre on the Italian campaign. We prefer to quote a passage which may give some idea of the private habits of Bonaparte.

From the moment when Bonaparte took command of the army, he displayed a personal authority which influenced every one. Although he was deficient in natural dignity, and even ungainly in bearing and gesture, there was something commanding in his attitude, his look, and his manner of speaking; every one felt it, and yielded a ready obedience. In public he took great pains to cultivate this gift; but in private, with his staff, he showed great ease, and an affability which verged on familiarity. He liked joking, but his jokes were never bitter; they were lively and in good taste. Often he joined in our sports, and his example more than once induced the

grave Austrian plenipotentiaries to take part in them. He worked easily; his hours were not fixed by rule, and he was always accessible, even in the hours of repose. But when once he had withdrawn to his study, all access was forbidden which was not necessitated by the requirements of the service. When he was busy with the movements of troops, or giving orders to Berthier, the chief of his staff, as well as when he received important reports, which might require lengthened examination and discussion, he allowed those only to be present who were to take part in them, and dismissed all others, whatever might be their rank. It has been said that he slept little, an assertion for which there is no foundation. On the contrary, he slept much, and even stood in great need of sleep, as is the case with all nervous persons, whose minds are very active. I have often known him spend ten or eleven hours in bed. But if wakefulness was necessary, he could support it, and indemnify himself at a later period, or even take repose in advance, in order to support the fatigues which he anticipated; finally, he had the valuable gift of sleeping at will. When once free from the claims of duty and business, he willingly indulged in conversation, with the certainty of shining in it. No one contributed such a charm, no one exhibited with ease such a wealth and facility of ideas. He chose his topics rather in moral and political than in scientific questions, with which, notwithstanding what has been said, his acquaintance was not profound. He was fond of violent exercise, often rode on horseback, but was a bad though rapid rider: in fine, at that happy time, now so far distant, he had a charm, which no one could fail to recognise. Such was Bonaparte during the memorable campaign in Italy.

During the progress of the negotiations at Mombello, Bonaparte offered his sister Pauline to Marmont. "She was charming—an almost ideal perfection of physical beauty," and only sixteen. Marmont declined the alliance, on the mysterious ground, that at that time "he entertained dreams of domestic happiness, fidelity, and virtue, which are too seldom realised, but which none the less flatter the youthful imagination." Whether Marmont had good reason to congratulate himself is doubtful. Not long after he married Mademoiselle Perreux, a banker's daughter. She was a tergumant, and made his existence miserable.

On the signature of the treaty of Campo Formio, Bonaparte and Marmont returned to Paris. In the capital they were discussing the possibility of invading Great Britain. Bonaparte received his nomination as commander-in-chief of the Army of England—"titre ambitieux, d'où ressortit bientôt notre impuissance." Bonaparte proposed to Marmont to accompany a M. Gallois, who was proceeding to England in reference to the exchange of prisoners, and collect all available information. Marmont refused this dignified offer of espionage. In the end Bonaparte recognised the impossibility of invasion, and the idea was for the time abandoned. In fact a more promising field of military glory offered itself. The occupation of Egypt would be a terrible blow for Great Britain; it would supply a position from which to threaten her commerce and her possessions, and would be the gain of a colony where produce of every kind was to be had, and where a laborious and docile population were at the disposal of their masters. The Directory received Bonaparte's propositions with enthusiasm. On the one hand, there were military glory and important political results; on the other hand, they got rid of a rival whose greatness was beginning to overshadow them.

It was considered a necessary preliminary to take possession of Malta. The French hoped that that fortress would surrender at once, or, at all events, that it would fall by a *coup de main*. But they found themselves compelled to attack in form. Marmont was the first to land; and, when the place had been invested and a sortie repulsed, the garrison on the second day capitulated. The expedition then proceeded to Egypt, and effected a disembarkation at Alexandria. But the enthusiasm which at first had animated the soldiers was rapidly dying away. It survived among the *savants* alone. Monge afforded a ludicrous example of it. On the march along the canal of Calidi, he suddenly stopped, examined some old ruins with the greatest care, traced the foundations of a court, the entrance of a house, and the divisions of rooms. He at once declared that he had found the remains of an inn situated on the canal, where, according to Herodotus, 3000 years ago, wine was drunk at so much a bottle. The shouts of laughter which greeted his discovery did not prevent the repetition of such scenes on more than one occasion. The events which followed have

their place in history—the battle of the Pyramids, and the occupation of Cairo. On receiving intelligence of the battle of Aboukir, Bonaparte, without disguising from himself the importance of the disaster, began at once to form new dreams of conquest, and of an empire which should change the face of the East. In a short time he was engaged in the Syrian expedition; and, whilst the French army was capturing El-Arish, Gaza, Jaffa, and opening the trenches before St. Jean d'Acre, Marmont, to his extreme discontent, was left behind at Alexandria, in command of the second arrondissement. But the failure at St. Jean d'Acre brought Bonaparte back to Egypt; and when, through the courtesy of Sir Sydney Smith, the latter received some French newspapers, and learned the position of affairs in France, he at once determined to return to Paris. In communicating his design to Marmont he said:

I have made up my mind to return to France, and intend taking you with me. The position of affairs in Egypt forces me to take this decided step; our armies are overwhelmed by reverses, and Heaven alone knows how far the enemy may have advanced. Italy is lost; and the prize of so much exertion and bloodshed glides from our grasp. And no wonder; of what use are the incapable men at the head of affairs? They are made up of ignorance, folly, or corruption. I, I alone, have borne the burden, and given strength to a Government which, without my assistance, would never have risen or maintained itself. In my absence everything goes to ruin. Let us not wait till the destruction be complete; the evil will then be without remedy. Our return to France is difficult and hazardous, but it is less so than our journey here; and Fortune, which has favoured me hitherto, will not now abandon me.

On the arrival of Bonaparte at Paris, all attention was concentrated upon him. No one could be blind to the great part which he was destined to play. He was no longer to confine himself to the command of armies, but was to take a prominent part in the direction of affairs. The 18th Brumaire resolved all difficulties, and practically placed the supreme power in his hands. The satisfaction of the public may be gathered from the fact that the three-per-cents rose from 7*f.* to 30*f.* Marmont received his share of the rewards in being nominated Councillor of State. But it was necessary that Bonaparte should deal with external as well as internal dangers. Marmont was sent to Holland to attempt the negotiation of a loan with a view to a campaign in Italy. He failed; but the necessity of the expedition was so urgent that the Alps were at once crossed. The glory of this achievement is too frequently assigned to Bonaparte alone; but the difficulty lay in the transport of the artillery, and Marmont must reap all the credit which is due to the successful command of that branch of the army.

After the campaign which was crowned with the glory of Marengo, and concluded by the peace of Lunéville, Marmont returned to Paris, and was appointed Inspector-General of Artillery. To him and to Gribenval are due the great improvements which gave that arm so decided a preponderance in the wars of Napoleon. The secret of success in this, as in every other art, lay in simplification. They lightened the weight of the guns, and reduced the number of calibres. Field batteries, which previously had been almost batteries of position, were now manœuvred with comparative ease. But, meanwhile, the peace with England, which had followed the treaty of Lunéville, came to an abrupt termination. Marmont asserts that Bonaparte was surprised and annoyed, but denies the violent outburst which is commonly said to have taken place in the interview with the English ambassador. The invasion of England was again meditated, and this time more seriously undertaken. Marmont had been appointed to relieve Victor in the command of the army of Utrecht; and he was now entrusted with the task of conveying the second division to England. On the 27th June 1805 Napoleon wrote from Parma, and conveyed his final instructions. Within two days the whole of Marmont's army were embarked, and ready to sail; but for five weeks he awaited in vain the order of departure. Napoleon had received intelligence of the naval action at Ortel, in which Calder had defeated Villeneuve, and at the same time news arrived that the Austrians were marching on Bavaria. The Emperor necessarily broke up "the Army of England," and prepared for the campaign which was signalled by the victory of Austerlitz. Within forty-eight hours after he had received orders to move, Marmont had com-

menced his march on Mayence. He was not present at the great battle, but had been directed to take up a position at Gratz. Here he remained, with few intervals of absence, till the peace, when he proceeded to occupy Frioul. The next five or six years of his life contain little matter of interest. He relieved General Lauriston, who was besieged in Ragusa, and subsequently succeeded him in the command. His organisation of the province was eminently successful, and his zeal was rewarded by the title of Duke of Ragusa. Subsequently he was made Governor of the Illyrian Provinces, and after the battle of Wagram was created a Marshal of the Empire. In 1811 he returned to Paris, and was shortly after appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Portugal.

The events of the Peninsular War are too well known to Englishmen to require any detailed examination. Marmont does full justice to the value of the English troops. But he falls into the error, so common with French writers, of ascribing every defeat to invincible fatality. On the other hand, Sir John Moore at Corunna, and Wellington on several occasions, escaped "comme par miracle." Marmont does, indeed, condescend to find some explanation of the English victories. He is of opinion that no army in the world is so well provided for as the English army; and he admits that, when the British soldier is well fed and cared for, no other soldier can approach him. His own insuccess in the Peninsula he attributes partly to the inefficient supplies of his own army, partly to the strange infatuation with which Napoleon, hundreds of leagues away, persisted in regulating the movements of the troops. Contrary to his own judgment, and often in a totally different state of affairs to that which Napoleon had contemplated, Marmont was compelled to disintegrate his forces, and lay himself open to the attacks of the enemy.

It may be of interest to give his own version of the great battle of Salamanca—that battle in which Wellington displayed the highest qualities of generalship, and when the incautious movements of the enemy enabled him in a moment to change his proposed retreat into a battle, and a signal victory:

At this moment General Maucune sent me word that the enemy were retreating, and asked permission to attack. I saw more clearly what was taking place, and I comprehended that, as the movement was simply one of preparation, the moment to attack had not yet come. Accordingly I ordered him to remain quiet. But General Maucune, who had no great intelligence, though a very brave soldier, did not contain himself in presence of the enemy. He was the same general who, five days previously, at the passage of the Douro, would so seriously have compromised the army, if, as we had reason to believe, the enemy had been in position. Notwithstanding the resolution I had taken, never to post him at the head of a column, chance and the natural disposition of the troops placed him in that situation. General Maucune did more: he descended from the plateau, and advanced towards the enemy in irregular order. I perceived it, and sent him an order to recede. But as I scarcely relied on his obedience, I resolved to go myself, and after having thrown a last glance at the general movements of the English army, I had just closed my glass, and was moving off to take my horse, when a ball from a battery of the enemy broke my arm, and placed me hors de combat. . . . It was about three in the afternoon. This event, at a time when not a moment should have been lost in repairing the error committed, was fatal in its consequences. The command passed first to General Bonnet, who was presently wounded, and then to General Clausel, so that, in point of fact, the rapid change of command produced the same effect as no command at all. On the other hand, the Duke of Wellington, seeing such a strange disposition of troops, such disorganisation in an army which up to this time had been handled with method and unity, returned to his original idea of fighting. He engaged shortly after, about four o'clock, with the troops of General Maucune, which, as they were not supported, were soon utterly routed.

Marmont's wounds forced him to leave the army. He reached Paris by easy stages, and remained there till Napoleon, on his return from the Russian campaign, called him to the command of the sixth corps. Then followed the battles of Lützen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Leipzig. But the Allies, notwithstanding the masterly style in which the Emperor conducted the campaign of 1813, were too strong; and Marmont, who held command at Paris, was forced to capitulate. From that time he followed the fortunes of the house of Bourbon; and here we may conveniently leave him for the present.

The memoirs, as we stated in the beginning, are far too prolix; but the style is clear and animated, the descriptions brilliant and picturesque. In many respects these volumes enable us more vividly to realise the remarkable drama in which Napoleon was the protagonist. The motives which actuated the principal characters are laid bare with the authority of one who was in the best position to obtain accurate information. No doubt, in so long a story many inaccuracies may have crept in; but the general tenor of the work is unquestionably truthful and reliable. With all their faults, the "Memoirs of Marmont" may be considered one of the most important contributions to the great Napoleonic cycle.

AMERICA.

FECUNDITY OF WRITERS—ILLUSTRATIVE FACTS.

(From the New York Publishers' Circular.)

THERE are some writers, according to Vignieu Marville, who have extreme difficulty in beginning, but when that point is once achieved, and the way open, they go on rapidly. The first lines of the history of M. de Thou cost him more trouble than all the rest; but that difficulty once surmounted, he sped on with great rapidity. Others have great facility in writing, but take a long time to polish their works. In this category we may class Horace amongst the Romans, M. de Rabutin with ourselves; such, in fact, are the greater number of prudent people, who, born writers, follow at first the impulse of nature, which subsequently requires both correction and finish. Others, in fine—but that is their misfortune—write in a hurried manner and do not revise their works. M. de Summaise was of this description; a dangerous character, which uniformly suffers, but which serves no point either as a model or example to any one. Fabius Leonida, an Italian poet, dwelt a long time on his works, and retouched them more than ten times, in order to give them that perfection he was desirous they should possess. Pierre Mafée, who has written so well in Latin, composed only fourteen or fifteen lines a day. Paulus Emilius Santorius, who had undertaken to write a Latin history of his time, was so long polishing what he did, that another would in less time have written a history of the whole world.

M. de Vaugelas was thirty years engaged in the translation of "Quintus Curtius," changing and correcting it unceasingly. M. Habert, of the Academy, author of the "Temple de la Mort," which is one of the most beautiful pieces of French poetry, changed and rechanged during three years the metre of this work, in order that it might attain the beauty, polish, and elegance which he ambitioned. It was not without much vigilance and very hard labour that Malherbe produced his divine poetry. M. de Balzac passed days and nights arranging his thoughts to attain that perspicuity of style and choice of words, for which we admire him at the present day.

The manuscripts of Ariosto are full of erasures. This may be seen in the autograph manuscript preserved at Florence; the celebrated stanza, in which he described a tempest, is written in sixteen different ways. Petrarch remade one of his verses forty six times.

The manuscripts of Tasso are illegible in consequence of all the corrections.

Pa-cal remade as often as sixteen times one of his "Provinciales."

Buffon recopied eleven times the manuscripts of the "Epoques de la Nature."

Bucquet, an erudite Frenchman of the eighteenth century, reread fifty times, and copied himself fourteen times, one of his works, "Sur la Justice."

In the dedication of the first book of the "Silves," addressed to Stella, the author dwelt with complacency on the rapidity with which he had composed these poems—"a rapidity," writes he, "which was not to me without pleasure; none had cost me more than two days—some, even of the most imaginative, but one day. I feared much that they would not carry with them the proofs which I advanced. The lines on the colossal statue of Domitian, for which the Emperor had had the extreme condescension to solicit my muse, I had to deliver the next day, which was the inauguration. The epithalamium which you have commanded, you know should be an affair of two days. Assuredly it is a great undertaking, seeing that there are in the piece two hundred and seventy-two hexameters."

Gaspar Bartheus, a German savant, who died in 1587, "was not more than sixteen years of age," said Baillet, "when he composed a treatise or a dissertation, in form of a letter, on a manner of reading with profit the authors of the Latin language, commencing with Ennius, to the end of the Roman Empire, and continuing from the decline of the language up to the critics of these latter times, who have re-established the ancient authors." It was a composition which the author assures us cost him but the labour of one day of four-and-twenty hours.

Damonio, a French author of the sixteenth century, took two months to translate in seven thousand Latin verses "La Semaine" of Dubartas.

The Italian Ferreri composed, in three days, a poem

in Latin ("Lugdunense Somnium") of a thousand hexameter verses on Leo X.

"L'Eloge de la Folie" was a labour of only seven days to Erasmus.

Chapman, an English poet, died 1634, translated in four months the twelve last books of the Iliad.

Guillard Danville, gendarme of the Queen, author of "La Chasteté," a heroico-comical poem (1624, in duodecimo), took care to apprise his readers that he commenced this work during an official voyage across Serbia, and concluded it on repatriating to Bavaria, in France, on the King's service. He boasted of having composed more than nine hundred verses in twelve days, without infringing in the least on his other avocations. This was not bad for a gendarme.

Voltaire, at the age of sixty-nine, in 1763, composed the tragedy of "Olympie." "It was the work of six days," wrote he to one of his friends, whose opinion he wished to have on the merit of this piece. "The author should not have taken his rest on the seventh," replied his friend. "He would have repented of his work," replied Voltaire. Some time after he returned the piece with several corrections.

Mary Darby, a celebrated English actress, who died in 1809, composed in twelve hours a poem, comprising three hundred and fifty verses. It is but just to say that the greater number of these works, written thus hurriedly, lived but as short a time as was taken to compose them.

Two theologians of the fourth century—Didymus and Theodorus—have left, the former six thousand, the latter ten thousand volumes; or we had better say, the one six thousand and the other ten thousand treatises.

The works of Alfred the Great, published in 1654, formed twenty-one volumes in folio. The "Speculum Majus," of Vincent de Beauvais, was composed in ten volumes in folio.

The Chronicle of Hornbeck, a German historian of the thirteenth century, contained eighty-three thousand verses. The style of this chronicler was equally good as that of Hennin, author of a poem of a hundred songs. Soyouth, an Arabic author of the fifteenth century, has left more than sixty works on all subjects. The celebrated *Meistersinger* Hans Sachs, who died in 1576, has left, between all his writings, 26 comedies and 27 tragedies sacred, and 52 comedies and 28 tragedies profane; 64 farces of the Carnival; 69 fables; 116 allegoric tales; 198 comic tales; and 307 poems, sacred and profane. He had, besides, translated and put into verse several portions of the Bible.

Macedo, a Portuguese Franciscan of the seventeenth century, is author of 35 panegyrics, 60 discourses, 32 prayers, 123 elegies, 115 epitaphs, 212 dedicatory epistles, 700 letters, 2600 epic poems, 500 elegies, 110 odes, 3000 epigrams, 4 Latin comedies, 2 tragedies, and 1 satire in Spanish.

Alexander Hardy was the most prolific author that ever laboured in France for the theatre. He composed 600 pieces. This was nothing, however, in comparison to the 1800 pieces in verse by Lopez de Vega, who, besides, composed 21 volumes in quarto, of poetry, and several minor copies of verses.

Pyrrne, an English lawyer and scholar of the seventeenth century, has left more than 200 works, forming 40 volumes in folio and in quarto.

We have preserved at the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, 122 volumes in folio, writings from the hand of Dodsworth, an English antiquarian of the seventeenth century.

The German Moser, a compiler of the last century, has left 480 works, 17 of which are still unpublished, 16 are disputed; these would form in all a total of 700 volumes, whereof there are 71 in folio, without including 84 volumes of reprints, or new editions of his works, nor 4 volumes of which he was only editor, nor 24 dissertations or articles which he had furnished for three periodical compilations, nor 26 numbers of weekly notices of literary news from Suabia.

Another German, Krunitz, who died in 1696, composed by himself an encyclopaedia, which, at the period of his death, formed 72 huge volumes in octavo.

The author of "Manon Lescaut," the Abbé Prevost, wrote more than 170 volumes.

The principal works of Restif de la Bretonne formed 146 volumes in duodecimo.

The journalist Freron is author of 250 volumes. They attribute to Figueirido, a Portuguese savant of the eighteenth century, 169 works, 68 of which have been printed; to Madame Le-prince Beaumont, who died at the age of seventy, 70 volumes; to Ducra-Dume-nil, 95; to a German romance-writer, Lafontaine, descendant of the French refugees, 75 romances in 210 volumes.

The catalogue of the works of Gail makes 500 pages quarto.

The manuscripts of the learned botanist, Adanson, on natural history, were composed of 120 volumes, and of 75,000 representations.

Dinge, a French writer, rather unknown (died in 1832), has left autograph manuscripts which weigh 400 kilogrammes.

The Chinese authors have not been, as far as we can perceive, less prolific than ours. In the last century the Emperor Khian Loung wished to make choice of some of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Chinese literature; this selection could not contain fewer than 180,000 volumes. In this collection are noted three works written by Europeans.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE British Association held its annual meeting this year at Dublin. Dr. Lloyd, the President, delivered an address on the occasion, of which we give an outline. In reference to Astronomy, Dr. Lloyd observed, since the beginning of the present century, the career of planetary observation has been continued with success. There has been a considerable addition to the number of planetoids. The known number of these is now forty-five, although the mass is small, for the diameter of the largest is less than forty miles, while that of the smallest (Atalanta) is little more than four. These discoveries have been facilitated by star maps and star catalogues. Two of these works are now in progress. A remarkable result of this labour is that no less than seventy-seven stars previously catalogued are now missing.—With reference to the nature and constitution of the sun, the only fact added to science is the proof given by Arago that the light of the sun emanated not from an incandescent solid, but from a gaseous atmosphere, the light of incandescent solid bodies being polarised by refraction, while the light of the sun and that emitted by gaseous bodies is unpolarised.—From observations made by Schwabe, the magnitude of the solar surface obscured by spots increases and decreases periodically, the length of the period being eleven years and forty days. Herschel accounted for the solar spots by currents of an elastic fluid ascending from the body of the sun, and penetrating the external luminous envelope. Mosatti has lately advanced a somewhat different speculation, connecting the phenomena of the solar spots with those of the red protuberances which appear to issue from the body of the sun in a total eclipse.—The occultation of Jupiter on the 2nd of January last afforded an opportunity of searching for indications of a lunar atmosphere; but no hesitation or change of form or brightness was exhibited such as would be produced by the refraction or absorption of an atmosphere.—As astronomical discovery is more obstructed by the earth's atmosphere than by the limitation of telescopic power, the expedition to the peak of Teneriffe was undertaken to obviate this difficulty; and the astronomical advantages gained may be inferred from the fact that the heat radiated from the moon, which has been so often sought for in vain in a lower region, was distinctly perceptible.—With reference to the figure of the earth and the mean density, the ellipticity deduced is 1-299-33. The mean specific gravity of the earth, as obtained from the attraction of Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, is 5-316, a result which accords satisfactorily with the mean of the results obtained by the torsive balance.—Our knowledge of the laws of the tides has lately received an important accession, namely, "the separation of the effects of the sun and moon in the diurnal tide." The phenomena of terrestrial magnetism present many close analogies with those of the tides; besides slow and regular changes, there are others occurring at irregular intervals, characterised by Humboldt as "magnetic storms;" yet these effects are found to be subject to periodical laws of their own, and of annual and decennial periods—the decennial magnetic period coinciding remarkably with the decennial period in the solar spots: from which it is inferred that the sun exercises a magnetic influence upon the earth dependent on the condition of its luminous envelope. But the moon also, as discovered by Professor Kreil, exerts an effect upon the magnetic needle; and the magnetic declination undergoes a small and very regular variation, the amount of which is dependent on the lunar hour angle, and the period is, therefore, a lunar day. These facts bear upon the question of the causes of the magnetic variations, which have been usually ascribed to the thermic agency of the sun; but here we have a case of magnetic action unaccompanied by heat. The question then is, whether the larger diurnal change may not also be independent of temperature.—Important additions have recently been made to the theory of light by M. Jamin, who has proved that there is no distinction between trans-

parent and metallic bodies in their action on light, that all bodies transform plane polarised into elliptically-polarised light, and impress a change of phase at the moment of reflection; and Professor Haughton, following up these researches, has established the existence of circularly-polarised light by reflection from transparent bodies.—With reference to the chemical action of light, one of the late marvels of photography has been the production of plates in relief for the purposes of engraving, by the action of light alone. The process depends upon the change in the affinity for water produced by the action of light upon a thin plate of gelatine, which is impregnated with bichromate of potash.—On the subject of heat and light, all that is known with certainty is, that the resultant effect of all the thermal agencies to which the earth is exposed has undergone no perceptible change within the historic period. This deduction is due to Arago. In order that the date palm should ripen its fruit, the mean temperature of the place must exceed 70° Fah. On the other hand, the vine cannot be cultivated successfully when the temperature is 72° or upwards. Hence the mean temperature of any place at which these two plants flourished and bore fruit must be within these narrow limits, that is, could not differ from 71° Fah. by more than a single degree. Now, from the Bible account, both plants were simultaneously cultivated in the central valleys of Palestine in the time of Moses, and its then temperature is thus definitively determined. It is the same at the present time, so that the mean temperature of this portion of the globe has not sensibly altered in the course of thirty-three centuries.—In the science of geology a prize was recently proposed by the French Academy of Sciences, as follows:—To study the laws of distribution of organic beings in the different sedimentary rocks according to the order of their superposition; to discuss the question of their appearance or disappearance, whether simultaneous or successive; and to determine the nature of the relations which subsist between the existing organic kingdom and its anterior states. The memoir of M. Bronn, of Heidelberg, which gained the prize, seems to point to the following leading result: "That the genera and species of plants and animals which geology proves to have existed successively on our globe were created in succession, in adaptation to the existing state of their abode, and not transmuted or modified, as the theory of Lamarck supposes, by the physical influences which surrounded them."

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

In the *Builder* for 1st August 1857, are views of the two designs (selected by the Commissioners) for the *Foreign Offices* and the *War Offices*—the former by Messrs. Coe and Hoffand, the latter by Mr. H. B. Garling. Upon the merits of that for the Foreign Offices we spoke in our last report, and a comparison of this with Mr. Garling's design will the more prove the justice of our eulogies; for the latter, though most effective in its richness and general character, is not (to our minds) by any means so severely good as Messrs. Coe and Hoffand's design. The central mass of the War Office lacks a central emphasis of its own. The dip in the mid portion of its roof is not redeemed by the meagre little turret which rides thereon. The superior richness and projection of the lateral compartments leave the intermediate important entrance not important enough. We wish, at least, to draw out the three arches of the ground storey, so as to make them form a projecting porch of one arch in depth; and it were better still if the next storey of the central architecture above could be brought forward so as to be a column's depth in advance of the lateral compartments on the same level. Our impressions in this respect are admirably fulfilled in the other design. We would also venture on an objection to the squat character of the windows of the second story, and of its general poverty as compared with the richness of the parts below and above it. Coupled pilasters are inadmissible; but the wideness of the

interspaces might be remedied by carrying down the bases of the pilasters to the blocking course immediately above the ground floor cornice, whereby the pilasters would have more bulk, as well as height, and the balustrade work might then form, as it were, a series of balconies, distinct from and between the pilasters, instead of being mounted on the balustrade rail. In that case the jambs of the windows would be formed of simple and single pilasters, in lieu of the compound work which now gives the windows, with their dressings, too much width for their height. If, in addition to this, the windows could be heightened, it would add greatly to their grace, and to the nobility of the whole. The crowning arcades are very beautiful and effective; but we suggest that our projected improvement of the middle storey is a matter for serious consideration—as a measure of taste. Doubtless, the Commissioners have been rightly influenced in their decision by the merits of the *plans* of the building, of which they must be better judges than we.

And now let our readers place a piece of paper over the crowning balustrade, so as just to conceal the four great roofs. Will it not be admitted at once that the *stone architecture* of the building gains by their omission; leaving it a question whether it were not better, throughout, to show no more roof over the higher parts than appears over the intervening compartments between the central and angle masses? or at least that they be reduced to the measure shown in the other design by Messrs. Coe and Hoffand? This fashion (we might say passion) for lofty roofs, looking like unfinished or truncated spires, is one of the most injurious results of continental influence. Where the masonry of a building is already too lofty for good proportion, while more rooms are yet required, it is reasonable to obtain them in a roof; but are such rooms really needed here? Let the reader again place two pieces of paper on each side the central turret, so as to bring down the four pyramidal roofs to the level of the intermediate portion on which the turret rests. Is not this improving? Mr. Garling will, we trust, pardon us for comments which, after all, have only in view the bettering of a good thing, and which are made with no assumption of critical superiority. Engaged in the efforts of general excellence in complexity, an architect may not have it in his power, at the time, to attend to minute perfections; and his inferior, coming fresh upon the first issue of comprehensive intent, may be struck by such defects as we have ventured to note. We rejoice, at all events, in the selection of the designs by Messrs. Coe, Hoffand, and Garling, as showing that the Gothic universalists are not to have their way; and because the designs in question exhibit two most admirable specimens of gradation between the Gothic of the Houses of Parliament and the more severely classic of the Pall-mall club houses. They exemplify the harmonising process which, we trust, will conduct from the horizontal Gothic of the Tudors to a style of which horizontality is a legitimate characteristic and a constructive necessity.

But we suspect we are doing little else than effecting the culture of critical principles, since Lord John Russell and the other state officers are inclined for offices of much less ornate pretension; simply handsome substantial edifices, which shall not be disgraceful; and, since we are not to have our Government clerks housed in "palaces," cannot a compromise be effected by which the Sovereign shall at length have a palace, and her servants be accommodated in her vacated chambers? Otherwise it may be presumed we shall go back to the academic architecture of Kent, and show little more than an improvement upon the old *Treasury Building* in Whitehall, as given in the *Builder* for July 25, 1857. Well, to say the least of it, it is solid and respectable; and, if the storey next above the basement were lowered, and the one above by so much heightened, the whole would be sufficiently expressive of a stable and business-like government. Those rusticated arcades—not ill proportioned—have an enduring look; and the *cases* may be good enough in respect to a thing of long passages and plain airy rooms, to be furnished with leather-covered writing tables and stools,

and fittings for paper bundles in red tape. Such an elevation as Kent's might be Barry-ised into handsomeness adequate to financial economy, not mindless of limited monarchy expression; and we can fancy a square, or grand place official, formed of four such ranges, with as many state residences for the Cabinet Lords, not derogatory to our "great nation." True, the Houses of Parliament have started us on a scale of grandeur and decorative pomp which must be injurious to anything short of what Messrs. Coe, Hoffland, and Garling have provided; and the gorgeous chop-houses of our clubbists (to say nothing of the palatial ostentation of our shop-keepers) may ever remain positive "bores" to the pride of our Government officials; but, withal, it may be said a good example of moderation has been set by the highest authority, and architectural ostentation will come to be voted "snobbish." Be it so, and let the end try the purpose.

The *Second Premium Design for the Foreign Office*, by Messrs. Banks and Barry, is illustrated in the *Builder* for 8th August 1857. The elevation of the central recessed part (subdued by shadow in the wood-cut) is unimprovable in its way, as simply exhibiting the repetition of one well-studied compartment of basement, arched order, and attic, of admirable proportions, judiciously and handsomely ornate; but the fronts of the two projecting wings—the more by comparison, both with the recessed centre and the arched screen between them—are so crowded with close vertical lines, as to be wanting in breadth of effect. The truncated pyramidal roofs are here, we think, especially objectionable, unless they may be said to prevent the too conspicuous insulation of the chimneys. We would humbly question whether these wing façades would not be improved by employing one of the two projecting compartments as a centre; giving it the breadth of three of the compartments in the recessed front, having two of the same on each side. It will be seen that the entire width of these wing elevations equals seven of the recessed compartments; the crowded effect being occasioned by the employment of nine bays, the more closed up into narrowness by the four double pilaster breaks. The triplet windows in these fronts are of too light a character (too Venetian) for the rest; and we feel them to be what they are, merely for want of room to make them otherwise. It is easy to see how the chimneys have compelled this arrangement under the restriction of frontage; but still we fancy it also appears how that frontage might have been increased without extending beyond the extreme limits of the building—for there is a considerable projection in the outer return fronts. We repeat, that the open breadth of the arched screen makes the closeness or narrowness of the wing compositions the more felt. Take them alone, as distinct buildings, these objections might not hold good; but, of course, the accomplished architects require no such admission, claiming full right to have opinions of their own in opposition to our notions of pervading proportional breadth in a compound structure of this description.

The *Builder* for 22nd August 1857 presents us with a view of the Messrs. Prichard's design for the *War Office, Foreign Office, Private Residence, &c.* The editor says: "Their design was not without reason regarded as in many respects superior as compared with others in the same style. Its distinctive characteristic may be said to be the general regard for symmetry. The towers form central features in a front; and the projecting masses are placed symmetrically. Pointed and cusped arches, over a square lintel and sculptured tympanum, are used generally; and the details, both of sculpture and ornament, display much taste. Good art is also exhibited in the staircases and the internal decoration."

"Superior to others of the same style." But what is the style? Certainly, nothing having "Old English" precedent—a Belgic, German, Lombardic, Byzantine medley, with bits of true and bits of Batty-Langley's Gothic. Is this an exponent of the feeling held dear by Mediævalism? Saving in its roof, it has nothing to do with the Houses of Parliament;—still less with the Abbey and the old Hall. The front, on the spectator's right, is certainly a very pleasing ensemble, well proportioned, charmingly symmetrical, and effectively ornate; but the window-arches are all "shams;" for the windows themselves are square-headed. The porch-arches are pointed; but dark inlays on a flat surface are poor substitutes for Gothic mouldings; and the

whole thing would as little harmonise with the neighbouring architecture as a Mahomedan mosque. With all that is due to the beauty of this part of the design *per se*, it is painful to think on the bare possibility of its being realised at Westminster—or even in England at all. We admit it as unimprovable in its way; and we congratulate Messrs. Prichard and Seddon on the evidence they have afforded of a taste which no doubt would have been successful had they adopted the more truly Gothic, or perhaps any other style; and unquestionably they may rival Mr. Scott in any competition which may be started by the municipal authorities of a Belgian city. They have well merited their premium of 200*l.*, for this example of a sort of art which would grace and dignify certain European localities; but we no more desire its fulfilment in Westminster than that of the quaint little *Freemasons' Lodge at Torquay*, by Mr. Appleton (of which a woodcut is given in the *Builder* for 15th August 1857), also a deserving model in its way, and with judicious use of water-pipes, answering, in effect, as well as useless buttresses. We only wish Mr. Appleton had applied a something higher and bolder plinth; and that he could have carried his chimney away from the eaves of his lower roof.

In the *Building Chronicle* of last month is a view of the *Warehouse of Messrs. Watts, at Manchester*, by Messrs. Tarvis and Magnall. Up to the cornice, over the fifth range of windows, this vast building (saving the ornaments over the third row) is a noble specimen of the warehouse; but directly the designers begin to affect the fanciful ornate, they become triflingly incongruous. Passing as admissible the panelled work over the fifth tier of windows, we would sweep away all the rest to be studied anew. The semicircular dormer blanks, bisected with vertical projections, are as bad as the introduction of little Gothic rose-windows in a front otherwise of the severest Græco-Roman character; and the countless little urns, perched up and down on every available point of the parapets, remind one of so many "sparrows on the housetop," assembled for that migratory flight which we desire them instantly to make. The bulk of the design is really so good, that its crowning *bizarries* are inexcusable. If there be reason for the semicircular dormer-blanks aforesaid, let them stand; but away with the urns and the vertical centre-bits, and let mere *stiles* between the panels carry up the lines of the little pilasters next below.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MESSRS. HERING and REMINGTON have produced a photographic impression from a drawing of considerable interest, by Major the Hon. W. E. Fitzmaurice, representing the landing of the troops at the Old Fort in the Crimea. The picture bristles with masts, while the spaces of sea not occupied by vessels are studded with boats, thick as flies. The view, which is taken from the land, gives a lively idea of this stirring scene—a memorable event, certainly, though subsequent transactions have somewhat dimmed its interest. Hereafter the landing in the Crimea will be recollected as one of the features in the great European struggle of 1853.

The fresco painting in the Hall of Lincoln's-inn, commenced several years ago, but subsequently discontinued owing to the illness of the artist, is now being vigorously proceeded with by the artist, Mr. Watts, whose health, we are happy to learn, has been re-established. At present all visitors, even the benchers of the inn themselves, are, by compact with the artist, rigorously excluded.

The statue of Dr. Jenner, by Marshall, will be erected in Trafalgar-square; it will leave Mr. Marshall's studio in a few days.—A great number of sculptural works, executed partly in wood and partly in plaster, will shortly come under the hammer at Louvain, Belgium. They are a part of the property left by the sculptor Karl Geerts, who died in 1855. They consist of several classical pieces, and the original models of 147 of Geert's works.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS has sailed for the United States, where he is about to make a professional

tour. Virtually this will be his first visit to America; for, though he crossed the Atlantic nearly twenty years since, the high reputation he now holds does not date nearly so far back.—The new Covent-garden Opera House is to be built in a year, and by Barry! Hot bricks will be used throughout, and boiling water employed in mixing the mortar for setting them.—A *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats* confirms the rumour mentioned some weeks since of Signor Rossini having resumed composition.—The London Vocal Association, formed by Mr. Benedict, in imitation of the Berlin Choir, has secured the Earl of Westmoreland for its president.—At the forthcoming Norwich Musical Festival, the performances on the first evening will consist chiefly of Italian music, including all the best pieces in *Don Giovanni*, to be sung by Piccolomini, Giuglini, Leonhardi, and Belletti. A quartette from *Oberon*, "Over the dark blue waters," will be sung by Mr. Weiss, Madame Weiss, Mr. Lockey, and Mrs. Lockey. The scena, from *Oberon*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," is assigned to Clara Novello; and Glover's cantata of "Tam o' Shanter" to Mr. Miranda. This ends the first part. The selection for the second part is quite as pleasing, and includes pieces from the works of Rossini, Auber, Verdi, Donizetti, Mozart, and F. Mori. An air will be sung by Lombardi; the famous barcarole from *La Muetta di Portici* by Gardoni; a duet from *La Traviata* by Piccolomini and Giuglini; a romance from the same opera by Belletti; a romanza from *La Favorita* by Giuglini; a duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro* by Novello and Piccolomini; a song by Mr. Weiss, "The Battle King," concluding with a quartette and chorus, "Che mi fieno," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. All these pieces, with the inevitable encores, must satisfy the greatest musical gourmand. On the second evening the concert will open with Dr. Spohr's symphony of *The Seasons*, besides which the selections will include eleven pieces in the first part, and nine pieces in the second part, almost all Italian music. On the third evening the concert will open with Beethoven's fine pastoral symphony, to be followed by selections from the music to the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, by H. H. Pierson. Several English as well as Italian pieces will be sung by the principal vocalists.

NEW MUSIC.

Haydn's Oratorio of the Seasons. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO. London: Novello.

HERE is the entire Oratorio, with all the music neatly printed, of convenient size for use, and all for a few shillings. It is one of Novello's admirable octavo editions of classical music.

LITERARY NEWS.

MR. MACAULAY has, it is said, given up the idea of continuing his "History of England" down to a period within the memory of living men," as at first announced, and will conclude it with the death of Queen Anne.—An "Occasional Correspondent" in the *Dumfries Courier* says: "Sir E. B. Lytton draws a hundred per month for his story in *Blackwood's Magazine*."—The first number of Mr. Thackeray's new story, "The Virginians," will appear on the 1st of November.—The penny *London Journal* has been purchased by Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P., proprietor of the *Illustrated News*—report says at an almost fabulous price.—The writer of "Town and Table Talk" gives the following information:—"Mr. Croker's Pope volumes—materials for his long advertised edition of Pope—were sold by him a few weeks before his death to Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street. As yet, of course, nothing has been done further about the edition of Pope, which will continue to bear Mr. Croker's name as editor, and Mr. Cunningham's name as assistant.—The Duke of Manchester has just made the important discovery of the whole of the letters addressed by Horace Walpole to his Eton acquaintance and favourite friend, George Montagu. They are not "up," as may be readily supposed, to the Walpole mark of excellence; but they are good in their way. His Grace has most liberally placed the whole correspondence at the service of the editor of the first complete and uniform edition of "Walpole's Letters," now in course of publication.—The active sagacity of Mrs. Everett Greene has just

detected, in the State Paper-office, a letter in the handwriting of Ben Jonson addressed to Sir Robert Cecil, and in which Ben appears in the light of a spy. This, after his contemptuous epigram on spies, sounds oddly enough. Ben had a hand in detecting some of the lesser assistants in the Gunpowder Plot.—The youngest son of M Victor Hugo has published a monography of the Island of Jersey. It is entitled "La Normandie inconnue." The French journals praise it.—Signor Morelli, bookseller, of Valenza, has published an Italian translation of the Songs of Béranger.—Herr Friederich Steinmann, of Münster, Westphalia, once a fellow-student of Heinrich Heine at the University of Bonn, has published a volume of his recollections of the late poet—"Heinrich Heine, Denkwürdigkeiten und Erlebnisse aus meinem Zusammenleben mit ihm."

The Poet Laureate, Mr. A. Tennyson, is at present staying at Tent Lodge, Coniston, where he will remain about a month. He is not at the present time in very good health.—Mr. Chas. Dickens is on a tour to the Lakes, and has taken up his quarters at the Derwentwater Hotel, Portinscale.—Sir Edwin Landseer has been suffering from the result of over-exertion. During a stay in Brighton he has derived benefit. The opinions of his medical advisers justify the belief that he will shortly be enabled to resume his ordinary avocations.—Mr. Williams, late of Haileybury, and translator of some of the best of the Indian dramas, has been appointed Oriental Professor at Cheltenham College.—General Sabine has been appointed a foreign member of the Prussian Order of Merit in Science and the Arts, on the vacancy caused by the death of M. Caultry.—A committee has been formed to raise a testimonial to Mr. Herbert Minton, of Stoke-upon-Trent, whose name is inseparably connected with the revival of English pottery. The testimonial will assume the form of a public museum at Stoke-upon-Trent, devoted to the reception of specimens of pottery in its various branches; but the building will also comprise a free library, a savings-bank, and rooms for the meetings of Provident Societies, and other kindred objects.

Queen Victoria is the first sovereign of England that has visited Cherbourg since the time that Normandy belonged to Great Britain. The last English monarch seen under the walls of Cherbourg was Henry V., in 1420.—Vesuvius, "the eruption of which for some days past had materially slackened," says a letter from Naples of the 16th, "yesterday showed more violence than at the commencement. The explosions today are much more frequent, and the lava at the bottom of the deep ravine of the Atrio del Cavallo has very materially increased in depth."

—The East India Company have determined upon granting pecuniary assistance to the Red Sea Telegraph. The terms will shortly be made public. The concessions for the Constantinople to Alexandria line were obtained from the Turkish and Egyptian Governments, with the aid of the Foreign-office and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

—The amount realised by the sale of the contents of Alton Towers mansion is 41,000*l.*, added to which the plants in the gardens sold for 250*l.*, making a grand total of about 42,000*l.*—The first portions of the Grecian antiquities from Halicarnassus have arrived in the British Museum. They have been despatched by Mr. Charles Newton, formerly of the Department of Antiquities, and are some of the results of a series of excavations which he has been carrying on in the ancient city of Artemisia and Mausolus.

—The fourteenth annual Congress of the British Archaeological Association was held at Norwich on Monday last, under the presidency of the Earl of Albemarle. Mr. T. J. Pettigrew read the usual introductory sketch of the district visited by the association. Among other matters noticed in the paper were the dimensions of Norfolk, which was stated to be 210 miles in circumference, 66 miles long, and 40 broad. It was also stated that the county contains 33 hundreds and 70 parishes. Among the papers promised are the following:—Mr. Pettigrew, on Norwich Churches; Kett's Rebellion in 1549; Mr. Planché on the Earls and Dukes of Norfolk; Mr. D. Gurney, on Extracts from Documents belonging to the Corporation of King's Lynn, with reference to the imprisonment of Queen Isabella at Castle Rising; Mr. Hudson Gurney on the probability of Norwich having been the Venta Icenorum; the Rev. Beale Poste, on some representations of Minstrels in early painted

glass, formerly at St. James's Church, Norwich; Mr. C. E. Davis, on Ely Cathedral; the Rev. Dr. Husenbeth, on Sacramental Fonts in Norfolk; Mr. W. H. Black, on the Archives of Norwich, King's Lynn, and Great Yarmouth; Mr. Goddard Johnson, on MSS. in the possession of the Corporation of Norwich; Mr. C. J. Palmer, on St. Nicholas' Church, Great Yarmouth; Mr. A. H. Swatman, on the Antiquities of King's Lynn and Castle Rising.—A sale of rare books by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, Wellington-street, was concluded on Saturday. Among the books sold were the following:—Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," 18mo., very rare, fine copy in blue morocco extra, by Bedford, "London, printed by J. H., and are to be sold by Francis Coules, in the Old Bailey without Newgate, 1636"—56*l.* (Boone). This copy was purchased at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's in May 1856, for 49*l.* 10*s.*, since which the elegant binding has been added. The only other perfect copy known of this rare volume is in the British Museum. "Shakspeare—Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," published according to the true original copies; portrait by Droeshout. The second impression, an exceedingly large copy, but the title, verses, prefatory matter, first leaf of the "Tempest," and two leaves at the end are inlaid, "Printed by T. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at the sign of the Black Beare, in Paul's Church-yard, 1632;" folio, maroon morocco, joints, 10*l.*; on the Margins are several valuable emendations of the text in an old handwriting. The same, the third impression, "and unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio;" portrait by Droeshout, with verses under, red morocco, super extra, gilt edges, by F. Bedford, "printed for P. C., 1664"—20*l.* 10*s.* By many this third impression is considered of even greater rarity than the first edition, as most of the copies were destroyed in the Great Fire of London. Another fine copy, but wanting five leaves and portions of two others near the end, with portrait by Droeshout, having Ben Jonson's verses beneath. Calf extra. "Printed for P. C., 1664." This copy has also the cancelled title-page, "Printed for Philip Chetwinde, 1663," in which a space is left for the portrait. It has also the excessively rare verses of Ben Jonson, printed on a separate leaf in a different type from either of the four folio editions, a circumstance, until the sale of this copy at Lord Stuart de Rothesay's library, totally undescribed by bibliographers. No copy of these verses is in the British Museum, and the rarity of this leaf is probably to be accounted for by its having been cancelled as well as the title-page. The present leaf is inlaid, and the initials "B. J." are admirably supplied in facsimile—26*l.* 10*s.* The same; the fourth edition, with the doubtful plays, portrait by Droeshout, with verses underneath; fine large copy, but three or four of the margins pieced; maroon morocco, gilt edges; H. Herringman, 1685—6*l.* 14*s.* "De Bry (Theodori, Johannis, et Israelis) Collectiones Peregrinationum in Indiam Orientalem et in Indiam Occidentalem xxv. Partibus Comprehensæ," bound in 10 vols. folio, with a profusion of copper-plates exhibiting the costume, customs, manners, and habits of the inhabitants of countries met with by the early navigators; first edition, with the scarce Eleuchus, and the very rare Appendix Regni Congo; fine set in dark blue morocco, by Thouvenin, Francof., 1590-1634; one of the most desirable copies ever offered for sale—160*l.* (Glanvil) "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum" (translated into English by John de Trevisa); folio, black letter, extremely rare; complete, with the exception of first and second leaves, beautifully facsimiled; brown morocco, gilt edges, old style; Wynkyn de Worde, circa 1494—35*l.* 10*s.* "Higden (Ranulphe) Policronicon. And now at this time simply empyrnted newe and sette in forme by me, Wynkyn de Worde, and a tytyle mbellysshed for tholde makynge," &c.; folio, black letter, most rare, dark morocco, ancient style by Bedford; a few of the margins have been skilfully replaced—the title and leaf at end with Caxton's large device in capital fac simile—"Ended the thyrteenth daye of Apryl, the tenth yere of Kyng Harry the VII., and of the Incarnacyon of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV. Emprynted at Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde." A volume remarkable for the beauty of its typographical execution—37*l.*

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Professor Anderson again. PRINCESS'S.—Operatic entertainments.

THE connoisseur in theatres would no more think of looking for a new piece in August, than for a dandy in St. James's-street after the prorogation of Parliament—both are impossibilities.

Among the few events likely to occupy the attention of the amusement-hunter, the return of Professor Anderson to the Lyceum is naturally conspicuous. The Wizard has opened another campaign of Magic and Mystery, which, I heartily wish, will terminate more auspiciously than the last. As an expedient for causing himself to be talked about, the Professor has instituted two prizes (cups of the respective values of 100*l.* and 50*l.*) for the best and second best comedians, open to the competition of the world. According to the last quotations in the joking-ring, the betting was as follows:—

Blanchard	3 to 1
Talford	3 to 1
The Brothers Brough	4 to 1
J.R. Planché, Esq. (Rouge Croix)	7 to 1
Horsley	1000 to 50 (no takers.)

The Professor reserves to himself the right of withdrawing his cups if the wit of the competitors should fail them at a pinch.

But imagine another opera season at the Princess's! Strange it is, yet true. Mr. Wilbert Beale, encouraged by the success of Mr. Lumley's cheap experiment, is giving twelve operatic representations at the elegant little house in Oxford-street, and Shakspeare for a time gives the *pas* to Rossini. Mr. Beale's company is well chosen, and when we mention the names of Mesdames Grisi and Alboni, and of Signor Mario, it will be admitted that it comprises some of the very highest class of artists. The operas already given are *Norma*, *Rigoletto*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the eternal *Traviata*. The house is well attended, and the success of the experiment appears certain. JACQUES.

MR. ALBERT SMITH.—On Saturday last Mr. Albert Smith took leave of his patrons by the delivery of the following speech:—"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have once more to bid you good bye; and in the few words I have to offer, I have thought that some few facts connected with the entertainment which you have been pleased to support so long would be more interesting to you than an elaborately-prepared address of the conventional fashion. I took the Egyptian Hall in February 1852, and so little opinion had I at that time of my subject, or my own powers, that I only engaged the room for a few weeks; and of these nearly a month was spent in putting it in order, for a succession of cheap exhibitions had left the building in a most disreputable condition. I gave my first entertainment on the 13th of March 1852—five years and a half ago—and to night is the 1744th time I have had the honour of appearing before you consecutively, and in the same room. I believe that this success has been in a great degree owing to several reforms I introduced here, which the larger places of public amusement might follow with advantage. In the very first week of the entertainment an application was made to the box-office to know what per-centage I would allow to the libraries on the stalls. I told them none at all—that if they wanted the stalls they must take them at the box-office like other people, and at the usual price. They said, 'Oh! if Mr. Smith thinks he can get on without the libraries, he is very much mistaken.' I found, however, that I did not make the mistake they anticipated. I was afterwards told that a great many persons would take stalls at a library, where they could have them put down in their bills, instead of at a box-office, where they would have to pay ready money; so I thought I would prevent somebody from being out of pocket. My next reform was at Christmas 1852, when I abolished, as far as my establishment was concerned, the 'press order' system. All the first-class papers approved of my determination, and admitted that, even to themselves, the distribution of orders had become a nuisance. Some of the weekly journals accused me of discourtesy to the press. This intention I utterly repudiate. Any gentleman connected in any way with the literary or artistic portion of a newspaper has always received my first and best attention; but I would not have the general character of my audience lowered by a quantity of sometimes dirty and doubtful people into

whose hands a press order had passed, from one to another, until the last possessor had no more to do with the paper he was supposed to represent than I have with the woolsock. I set my face dead against all the extortions of those fluttering harpies who infest our theatres and keep so many thousands out of them. I allowed no charge for taking places—none for showing you into those places—none for bills, nor programmes, nor any attentions generally which you had a right to demand: and in arranging the seats, I took care, personally, to see that every visitor had room to stretch his legs, a well-ventilated atmosphere to breathe, and a clear view of whatever might be going on. I consider the price of admission, once paid, entitles the public to every possible adjunct to their comfort or convenience that can reasonably be wished for or expected. Those of my audience who care for figures may be interested in hearing that my rent here is nearly 600*l.* a year; that the working expenses of the entertainment are 75*l.* a week; and that the cost of producing the yearly alterations for a new season has never been under 500*l.*; indeed, in 1854, when the Oberland and the Simplon were brought out, and the Swiss decorations built in the room, I spent nearly 1000*l.* before a farthing came back again. I mention these facts against the absurd statements I have seen both in the English and American papers of the enormous fortune I have made here. Let me briefly state what are my intentions for the winter. I start the day after tomorrow to collect new materials; and my route will be through what I may term the 'popular Switzerland'—by Zurich, the Rigi, Lucerne, and Grindelwald, to Chamouni, and thence over the Great St. Bernard (where my excellent old friends the monks have got a pup for me) to Genoa. I shall then take ship for Naples; and I hope that in Pompeii, in the Blue Grotto at Capri, and in the Grotto del Cane and on the summit of the Crater of Vesuvius (which has been rather turbulent and unsettled lately), I may find something to beguile the long evenings of the ensuing winter. I only hope, after my visit, that everybody will not go scrambling up Vesuvius, as they did up Mont Blanc, until the subject is utterly vulgarised and spoilt. The Rhine will go off in a cart on Monday to Mr. Phillips, who will give it his greatest care, and put it in proper order for the opening night. My old friend and colleague, Mr. William Beverley, is already planning the safest direction for the lava to take when it flows down from Vesuvius; and, although he cannot consistently make the mountain open and disclose all those beaks of beauties he can so well collect and arrange, yet he thinks that the glare of the eruption will display to great advantage a galaxy equally fair, but among the audience instead of the red fire. And now, until the middle of November, wishing you all the health and spirits I hope to enjoy myself, I bid you, very gratefully, good bye.

OBITUARY.

CONYBEARE, the Ven. the Dean, last week, at Itham Stoke, in Hampshire, following close upon his son, the Rev. W. J. Conybeare. The late Dean was well known as a zoologist.

COOPER, Dr., Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow.

COX, Mr. George, aged 62, superintendent of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and a publisher in King-street, Covent-garden, who met with his death accidentally at the Colney-hatch station of the Great Northern Railway.

HALL, Dr. Marshall, the well-known physician, at Brighton, in his sixty-seventh year. In the history of medicine his name will be remembered with distinction on account of his ingenious and elaborate researches on the physiology of the nervous system. Dr. Marshall Hall was a member of the Institute of France, and of various medical societies and scientific institutions on the Continent, as well as in this country and America.

PAIRLOP, Miss, of Lyme, last week. She was the chief collector of a fine collection of geological specimens, at Lyme Regis, known and often visited by the greatest of British and Continental geologists. Some of the most remarkable specimens have been figured in the works of Buckland, Agassiz, &c.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

A Lord of the Creation, by the Author of "Ethel," post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* Armstrong (L. D.) Memorial, by Carter, fcp. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* Bayly's Hymns, Psalms, &c. of Domestic Servants, fcp. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Bibliotheca Classica, Juvenalis et Persii Satire, Comment. by Mac-Jean, 16*s.* Empiricus, with Comment. by Paley, Vol. I., 1*s.* 6*d.* Brehl's Positive Theology, or Christianity at one view, 6*s.* 6*d.* Bohn's Classical Library: Strabo's Geography, Vol. III., 5*s.* 6*d.* Bohn's Antiquarian Library: Foreign Proverbs, post 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* Bohn's Historical Library: Jesus's Court of England, Vol. II., 3*s.* Boucher's Measurement, Plane and Solid, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Bridg's Chronology Popularly Explained, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* 6*d.* Brice's Young Bride, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* 6*d.* Brown's Exposition of Paul to the Romans, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

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